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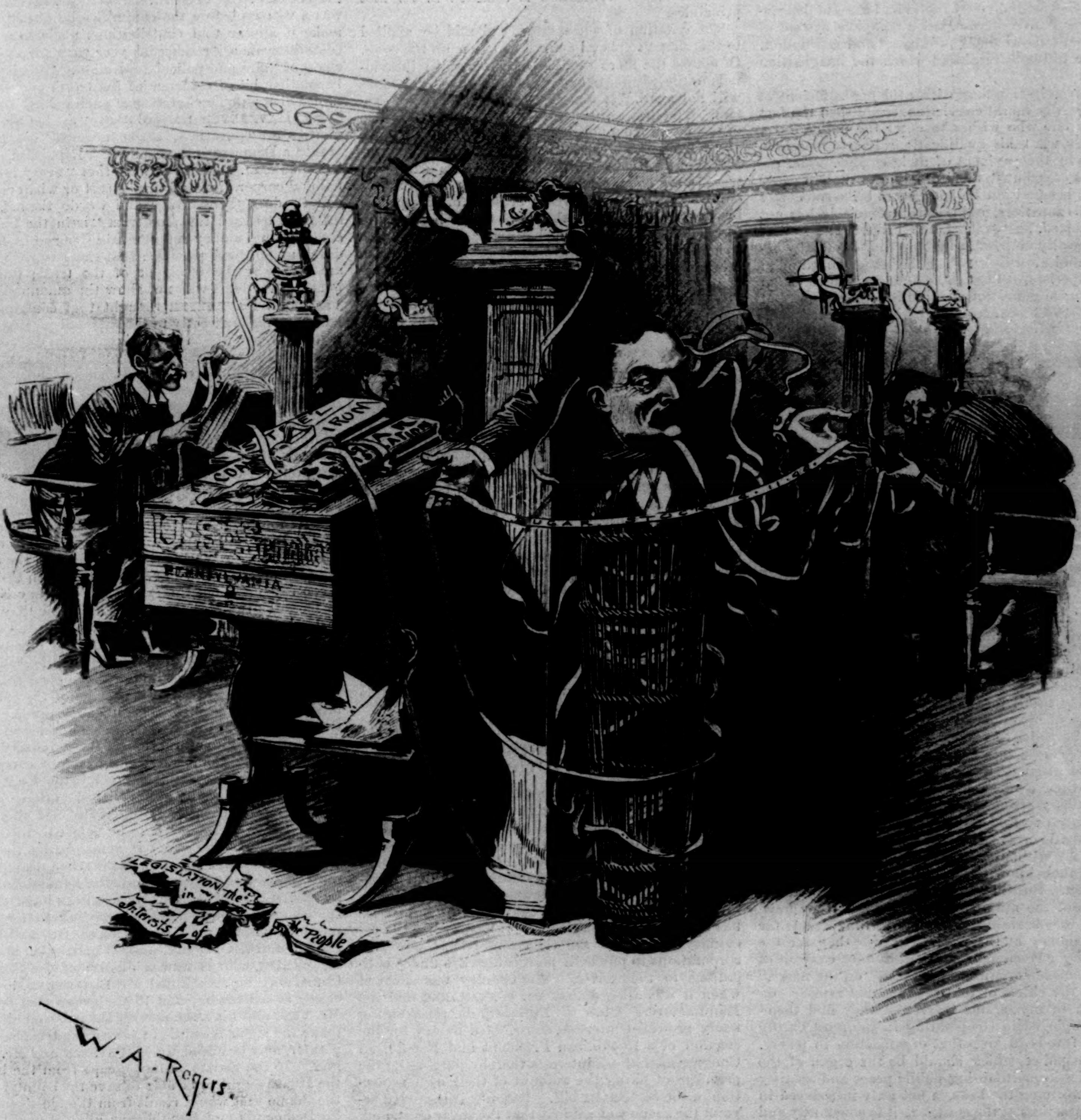
IRON
U.S.
PENNSYLVANIA
LEGISLATION in the Interests of the People
W. A. Rogers.

SENATOR QUAY'S POSITION ON THE SUGAR QUESTION,
AS DEFINED BY HIMSELF.

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THE POLICE INVESTIGATION.

GOVERNOR FLOWER may have become aware by this time that he struck a fatal blow at his character when, in putting his veto on the appropriation for the LEXOW Committee, he denounced the proposed police investigation as a reckless waste of public money for partisan ends, and called New York the best-governed city in the country. As he must have known, every observing man had believed for years that there was much rottenness in the conduct of our metropolitan police; and the investigation, carried on in spite of the Governor's attempt to prevent it, has amply demonstrated not only that this belief was well founded, but that the rottenness is much greater in extent than had been thought possible. The exposure from which the Governor has vainly sought to protect his political friends in this city has disclosed not only individual cases of depravity among public officers, but a complete system of government based upon profligacy and corruption, from the ultimate results of which the imagination recoils.

The investigation has, with evidence sufficient at least to justify moral conviction, established the fact that any one who wishes to enter the police force, no matter what his qualifications, has to purchase his place by the payment of at least $300. The policeman so appointed, therefore, knows that in order to obtain his position he has had to bribe somebody among his superiors, and that this somebody has not only accepted, but exacted, the bribe. The policeman naturally concludes that getting money by accepting, and even by exacting, bribes is looked upon by his superiors, at least those among them to whom his $300 have gone, not as a punishable offence, but as a matter of business. The policeman further concludes that this view of the matter prevailing among his superiors will afford him protection if he does the same thing within the sphere of his power and opportunities, and he will be justified in thinking that he is even expected to do this, in order, in the first place, to recover the sum with which he bought his way into the force. Thus the policeman, however pure originally his principles and intentions may have been, is from the very start seduced to do corrupt things.

In the same manner the evidence produces the moral conviction that promotion in the force has to be regularly paid for, the charge for a police captaincy being about $10.000—several times the amount of a year's salary. The moral effect of this transaction upon the police captain need hardly be described. When he meets certain of his superiors he knows that the bribe-money he had to pay for his place went straight into their pockets, and that they not only cannot afford to call him to account for doing similar things, but naturally expect him, and have substantially authorized him, by first emptying his pockets, to fill them in a similar way by taking advantage of his opportunities.

Thus the police force, in all its grades, is systematically introduced into corrupt practices by the very manner in which each man gets his place. These men see with their own eyes how, in order to make this initial bribery possible, the civil service law is most shamelessly overridden, how personations of candidates and all sorts of fraudulent devices are resorted to, not only without any opposition from the chiefs, but with their known connivance, and even at their instigation. But they see more. They see in all the branches of the municipal service which they have occasion for observing, systematic arrangements for making money at the public expense, they see the whole city government in the absolute control of an irresponsible organization of men "on the make," they see the chiefs of that organization rapidly getting rich in mysterious ways, and they find themselves employed in co-operating in the most daring election frauds to keep that organization in power. Thus the police, which should be the organ of the authorities in maintaining public peace and security and in enforcing the laws, is not only introduced in corrupt practices at the start, but it is constantly and systematically educated in contempt of law in general, and in the criminal perversion of its power and opportunities for selfish ends.

Worse than the demoralization of the police itself is the effects this demoralization produces upon the moral condition of the community. What has shocked many of our good people most severely in the course of the present investigation is the exposure of the protection afforded by the police captains to disorderly houses in their precincts in consideration of certain regular payments, thus making the protection of vice appear as a regular source of revenue to the same officers who are appointed to aid in the suppression of vice. Under the existing system the more haunts of vice a police captain has in his precinct the greater will be his revenue. Police captains therefore notoriously desire to be put over those precincts in which such haunts are most abundant, and they consider themselves slighted and wronged in their fortunes when they are exiled to districts which are exceptionally clean. It is not surprising, therefore, that under such a system some of them should find it in their interest not only not to suppress existing disorderly houses, gambling hells, and the like, but to encourage the establishment of new ones where none existed before—in other words, not to root out, but to plant and propagate vice and crime in the community merely to increase their income from them. Suggestions of such a tendency have already appeared in the investigation, and stronger proofs may come. And this applies not only to disorderly houses, but to other kinds of crime, as the testimony about the police protection afforded to the "green-goods business" has amply shown. It is horrible to imagine what results the continuance of such a system with such temptations may ultimately bring forth. When the police becomes not only the protector but also the propagator of crime, civilization is attacked in its first principles.

The question of what remedy should be applied to this monstrous evil cannot be taken up too soon. Of course the mere sending of a few guilty individuals to the penitentiary or a mere change of persons will not avail. It must be a radical change of system. The first thing needful is the absolute divorce of the police from politics. No sane man will think any longer of a bipartisan police board—the organization of corrupt political barter—as a cure. It would only be an aggravation of the evil. A single chief, selected exclusively on account of his specific business qualifications, should be at the head of the force, and be held responsible for its conduct. The strictest civil service rules must be applied to the original appointment and to the promotion of policemen. And to insure this, Tammany must be destroyed as a factor in our municipal affairs, and the city government must be carefully kept out of the hands of selfish partisan politicians.

But there is something beyond all this. Our police force would hardly have become so thoroughly demoralized had not the temptations of opportunity been so great. This is a proper time for serious men calmly to consider the question whether the sale of liquors in saloons on Sundays and the business of disorderly houses can really be suppressed in a large city like ours by merely making, and trying to enforce, laws against such things; and, if not, whether it will not be in the general interest to regulate, and by regulation mitigate and circumscribe evils which in some measure will continue to exist in spite of even the most conscientious and energetic exertion of legal force. This question should be studied and discussed from the point of view not of sentimental but of practical morality, without levity on the one side and without cant on the other. Much may in this respect be learned from the various experiences of the great European capitals. The reform, the absolute necessity of which now confronts us, is so complicated and difficult that we cannot afford to disregard any of its essential requirements.

THE SUGAR INVESTIGATION AND PROTECTION.

THE testimony of the agents and officers of the sugar trust before the Senate Investigating Committee verifies all the suspicions which the country has entertained that the sugar schedule in the pending tariff bill is tainted with corruption. Beyond this it is an object-lesson teaching the essential evil that is engendered by the protective system. The partnership between Congress and the manufacturing interests has inevitably led to bribery. It has become the pecuniary interest of the richest and most powerful corporations to put both political parties under obligations to themselves. The country was shocked when it was alleged that Mr. WANAMAKER and the Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia, representing many protected interests, contributed money for the election of a Republican President and Republican Congressmen, those interests thereby purchasing the privilege of fixing the amount of their own protection in the MCKINLEY bill. But now it is proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the sugar trust, and, before its organization, the refineries that now compose it, have been in the habit of contributing to the campaign funds of both political parties. No one who carefully reads the scandalous admissions of Mr. HAVEMEYER and Mr. SEARLES, the president and treasurer of the trust, can doubt that these contributions were made for the purpose of purchasing tariff legislation favorable to the trust, especially when the confessions are coupled with the further admission, to quote from Mr. HAVEMEYER'S testimony, that the American Sugar-Refining Company endeavors "to control the legislation of Congress with a view to protecting its interests, and with a view of making money out of such legislation as might be enacted here" (Washington).

This is the logical consequence of the system of protection of which the MCKINLEY act is the finest fruit. The officers of the sugar trust are not singular among protected manufacturers in their manner of regarding politics. An influence in politics is part of the capital of their business. Congress has established the policy of enacting laws for their benefit, and therefore it is not to be wondered at that they attempt by money, by influencing their operatives, and by other methods, to secure the election of Congressmen who are friendly to them, and to stand well with both parties.

Assuming that the contributions of the trust are for national purposes, the testimony of its officers shows the manner in which the protected interests deal with the politicians of the country and corrupt its politics. Mr. HENRY O. HAVEMEYER is the president of the American Sugar-Refining Company, and he is authorized to make such contributions to political parties as he sees fit. He makes a verbal report of these expenditures, but that deference is paid to decency and virtue that no telltale record is kept in the books of the concern. When Mr. HAVEMEYER was a witness before the committee he attempted to make it appear that contributions made to a State committee in a Presidential year were for the purchase of "fire and police" protection. This is merely another bit of evidence of the trust's recognition of the disreputable character of such contributions.

Mr. HAVEMEYER testified that "as far as local matters are concerned," the sugar trust "is a Democrat in a Democratic State, and in a Republican State is Republican." He also swore that "every individual and corporation and firm—trust or whatever you call it—does these things, and we do them." Mr. SEARLES testified that the trust "is in the habit of contributing money for campaign purposes to the different political parties"; that these contributions are made by the president of the trust; that the books of the trust will not show the amounts. Mr. THEODORE HAVEMEYER thought that contributions had been made directly to the national parties. The truth is apparent—the trust has bought Democratic influence in Democratic States and Republican influence in Republican States. It has had no political principles. Mr. SEARLES'S statement that he thought the trust is actuated by patriotism was a sorry jest. Both the HAVEMEYERS were franker and more honest when they said that the trust has no politics but the interests of the American Sugar-Refining Company. They do not care what laws were enacted for the country, so long as laws are placed upon the statute-books that will enable them to control the American market for sugar and to fix the price for their product. When a campaign is over the agents of the trust proceed to Washington and demand the delivery of the goods they have bought. With them go the other protected Coxeyites. What they bought in 1888 was the MCKINLEY law, and now they seem to have bought of GORMAN, HILL, BRICE, and a few other recreant Democrats the defeat of Democratic principles and the violation of Democratic pledges.

The revelation of this iniquity is so clear that it is impossible to conceive of the passage of the pending tariff bill with the sugar schedule as it stands. Even the Senate ought to revise its decision made in Committee of the Whole, and reform the purchased rates of duty. The Democratic party cannot carry this load of odium. It would be much better for it to go to the country having accomplished nothing in the way of reform than having accomplished this iniquity. If the tariff bill is to be defeated unless the sugar trust receives what it demands, let the men who compelled the adoption of the schedule, and who must share the disgrace of all the admissions made by Mr. HAVEMEYER and Mr. SEARLES, take the responsibility of its defeat. According to the testimony of Senator VEST, these men are GORMAN, HILL, SMITH, BRICE, CAFFERY, and WHITE. In place of Mr. WHITE, who is now a Justice of the Supreme Court, may be substituted Mr. BLANCHARD, his successor as a Senator; and to the group that ordered Mr. VEST and his associates on the sub-committee to make the sugar schedule to please the trust and the planter, may be added Mr. MCPHERSON and Mr. MURPHY. If the Senate cannot escape from the bonds, the House ought to be able to save the country from the shame that would result from the trust's success. To Democrats and Republicans alike it ought to be a patriotic duty to defeat this now exposed bargain. More than that, the exposure itself ought to have a wider influence; it ought to awaken the people of the United States to the corruption which is directly fostered by protection. The performances of the trust are only symptomatic. The communistic system cannot do otherwise than debase politics and legislation.

A STRAIGHT TICKET.

The movement for a straight Republican municipal ticket is selfish and reckless partisanship. Such a ticket is demanded by Platt and Milholland because they are desirous of maintaining Tammany's control of the city government. That a great body of the Republican party, however, does not sympathize with this movement was indicated by the proceedings at the recent meeting of the Republican County Committee. This committee represents not only the best elements of the party, but quite as much of good citizenship as is to be found in any political organization in New York, and doubtless the majority of those whose material interests are most directly affected by the character of our municipal government. At this meeting of the committee General Collis moved a resolution to the effect that the Republicans of the city ought to nominate their candidates at an early date, and "to present such a ticket as will receive the cordial approval and support of all voters opposed to Tammany Hall." He supported his resolution with a speech in favor of a "straight ticket," the result being that the resolution was tabled by a vote of 46 to 25. Subsequently the resolution, being reconsidered, was adopted. The incident shows that there is a strong sentiment against a "straight ticket" even among Republicans who are actively engaged in party work, for the resolution appears to have been first defeated because its mover advocated a "straight ticket," and to have been afterwards adopted because it practically advised the union of anti-Tammany forces.

A union of the strongest anti-Tammany forces is absolutely necessary if Tammany is to be defeated. The nomination of a straight Republican ticket would mean not only two years more of Tammany rule, but the grievous disappointment and discouragement of good citizens who are now hoping for better things. The argument advanced in behalf of a Republican candidate for Mayor is that the majority of the voters opposed to Tammany are Republican. But that is not a satisfactory contention. Every effort that the Republicans have made for the last thirty years to elect a candidate of their own party has failed, and more than once they have beaten reform candidates by insisting on a straight ticket or by voting directly for Tammany candidates. Moreover, recent experiences and revelations have not increased the admiration of the people of New York for the kind of Republicans who are demanding a "straight" ticket. Their attempt to impose upon the citizens a "bipartisan" police board, their refusal to thoroughly investigate all the departments of the municipal government, the long history of "deals" between the Republican machine and the Tammany bosses, have convinced the citizens that "straight" tickets usually enure to the benefit of the scoundrels whom the people are now hoping to drive out of power, and whom they strongly desire to deprive of their opportunities for pilfering and blackmail. It is not only because the Republicans have little chance to elect a "straight ticket," but because a "straight ticket" is likely to be nominated by those who wish to aid Tammany, that good citizens of all parties desire a union ticket which shall be nominated without regard to party politics. Anything else than this will postpone reform of the city government indefinitely, perhaps for years. There is only one way to a victory over Tammany, and that is by a union of Republicans, State Democrats, and Good Government clubs. Such a union can be effected if it is sought for, as it certainly can be prevented by unwise and unpatriotic appeals to party prejudices and party hopes.

GERMANS AND CITY REFORM.

Mr. Gustav H. Schwab, whose name is well known to all citizens of New York who have had occasion to study or share in the best movements of city life, has for some time been actively engaged in organizing the German voters of the city for the reform of city affairs. Ordinarily all political organizations based on nationality may be regarded, if not with suspicion, at least with a certain degree of reserve, for their political action is usually directed to the promotion of some interest or sentiment or prejudice peculiar to the nationality, and when this is done the interests common to all American citizens are liable to suffer. But this is an exception to the rule, for the very weighty reason that the nationality of the voters organized is a means, not an end; their political action has reference solely to common and very important interests, and they are associated as Germans because as Germans they can work together with greater sympathy, energy, and effect. This much might, of course, have been assumed regarding any movement in which Mr. Schwab should take a leading part, for he is himself so completely and loyally an American citizen that his name is the seal of the best kind of Americanism for anything to which it is attached.

The German-American Reform Union is now organized in twenty of the Assembly Districts of the city of New York—the Assembly District being the political subdivision that has taken the place of the old ward. By the middle of July, Mr. Schwab says, every district within the territory covered by the municipality will be organized. Every district has been organized under the personal supervision of the gentlemen who started the movement. They have visited each, gathered the representative German Americans in meetings, and explained in detail exactly the purpose of the Union, the methods by which it is expected to do its work, and the obligations assumed by those taking part in it. The Union is essentially and avowedly political, but it is distinctly non-partisan. Probably the larger number of its members agree with the views as to national politics of the Democratic party, but many of them, on the other hand, in national politics, are Republicans. In the Union they are simply citizens of New York bent on securing for the city the best attainable government. They have no candidates for whom they are working, and they do not propose to make any nominations unless it shall be found that that is the best way to reach their end. They do not even formulate any scheme of change in the charter, though their influence will, of course, be given to secure any change that may promise improvement when the time comes for making it. At present they take the situation as they find it, and are determined to do the best they can for the city in the actual state of things.

To all practical intents the German-American Reform Union is now a campaign club for the next city election. It is clear—while the city charter is still in a very confused and complex condition, and fails signally to give to the voters of New York that ready, facile, prompt, and complete control of their own affairs that they ought to have—that a great deal can be done at the polls this year. Though the bill that would have given the new Mayor the power to change the heads of the various city departments, and would thus have given the voters of New York the power very radically to change the whole management of their affairs, was vetoed by Governor Flower, in shameful subservience to Tammany, yet a change in the Mayor would do a great deal for New York. It is a work worth trying to do. It would deprive Tammany of its most valuable office. It would hopelessly break the prestige of that evil organization, and loosen the bonds of fear by which large numbers of well-meaning people are attached to its service. Above all, it could put an honest and vigilant man in a post where he could get at the facts and expose them.

An independent organization bent on doing all that can be done this fall, bound by no party ties, putting the reform of the city government above all questions of national politics, uniting all its forces on the city offices, whatever may happen to Congressional candidates, will be a great and beneficent power for good. This is what the German-American Reform Union is. It is now reported to have an enrolment in its district organizations of some 70,000 voters. If the other organizations having the same end in view act with any reasonable degree of sense and energy, this is more than enough to secure a reform Mayor.

LEGISLATION FOR THE FOREST RESERVES.

The action of the Federal government in setting apart certain large tracts of the public forest lands in the West as "reserves" was outlined recently in these columns. Likewise, the value of these vast forests was referred to in their relation to the great irrigating systems of the West, and their utility in supplying future timber demands. As therein remarked, the mere creating these reserves was but an incomplete measure, unless some permanent system of Federal forestry was also soon adopted.

At present the reserves are under the control of the Land-office of the Department of the Interior, subject only to such limited care as its agents can bestow, which is slight. In the case of the Yellowstone Park, since 1886, when Congress neglected to provide a salary for the superintendent, it has been under the charge of a detail from the army. It was a fortunate neglect of Congress, as it gave an opportunity to demonstrate the efficiency of a disciplined body in enforcing regulations and preventing depredations. Extensive illegal hunting was stopped, squatters evicted, the forests preserved from destructive fire, and tourists protected. Every official report corroborates the completeness with which the military carried out this new duty. Last summer the army was sought by the Secretary of the Interior for details to protect from depredations some of the reserves. The acting Judge Advocate gave an opinion that it was not lawful to employ troops upon such duty unless expressly directed by Congress. Under this decision it seems that the details that have hitherto guarded, except during the winter months, the Yellowstone, Yosemite, Sequoia, and General Grant parks will be withheld this year. It can easily be imagined what damage may be wrought in an unguarded year or two among those magnificent trees that have required from four to seven hundred years to reach their maturity.

A bill now before Congress in reference to the public forests authorizes the Secretary of War to furnish details of troops upon requisition of the Secretary of the Interior to protect these reservations. But why not carry the subject a step further, as has been suggested by forest advocates, and reach the heart of the question? Substitute a bill placing the public forests that are withdrawn from public entry by settlers absolutely under the control of the army. Commence at the beginning and make forestry a department at West Point, with a portion of the conveniently situated Highlands as an experimental station. Provide for assigning a portion of the graduates of the Academy each year to command a specially enlisted forestry guard to carry out a system of scientific and practical forestry upon these reservations. It is ventured to predict, the more this plan is considered, the more one will find in it a simple and logical solution of a pending vital question. It furnishes a new field of activity to the army; it insures fidelity to the national interests. It would give permanency and capability at once to the forestry system.

It is undeniably the duty of Congress to provide some permanent system for the protection and utilization of the forests. The reports of the Land Commissioners for years in reference to the forests have contained such examples as these: "I regret to say that in spite of the repeated recommendations of a law to facilitate the prevention of the wasteful devastation of the public timber lands. . . .as would prevent indiscriminate and permanent destruction of our forests, almost all legislation there has been on the subject consisted in relieving those who committed depredations in the past" (Report of 1880). "Depredations upon the public timber are universal, flagrant, and limitless" (Report of 1885). "Bold, reckless, and gigantic schemes to rob the government of its land have been discovered and exposed in every State and Territory containing public lands" (Report of 1887). An examination of the laws "discloses the utter inadequacy of legislation thus far enacted. . . .to properly protect and preserve the forests for the conservation of the water-supply and the needs of the future" (Report of 1893). From 1881 to 1887 the value of the timber stolen was placed at $36,000,000, and it cost $450,000 to recover $478,073 of this amount. Last year suits were pending to recover $839,881, the value of timber alleged to have been illegally taken that year, and 227 criminal actions were on the court calendars for this offence.

The appeals to Congress have been clear and decisive; its action passiveness, until the creation of the present reserves. Economic conditions demand immediate additional legislation. This will not be difficult or expensive legislation if the army is intrusted with this public duty. The representatives of the people at Washington cannot more faithfully fulfil their trusteeship or earn more adequately their salaries than by making a Federal forestry system a department of the United States army. Free as it would be from suspicion of politics or jobbery from its inception, such a system would command the confidence of the people.

THE ULTIMATE UNION OF STATES.

Whatever may be said of the wisdom of the addition of six new States to the Union within the last four years, and the proposed addition of four more, it brings within view the end of State-making from the territory now belonging to the United States. The ultimate union of States seems to be in sight. There is little likelihood of the division of any existing States into more than one, or of the consolidation of two or more existing States into one. The consent of their people would be necessary, and there are strong popular predilections against either process. Neither is it likely that there will be any combination or division of existing Territories in making new States.

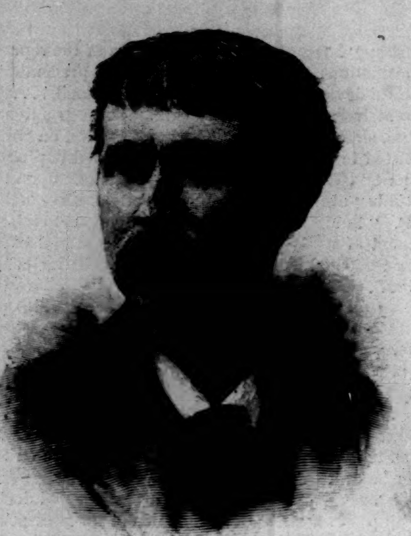
There are now forty-four States, and the proposed additions are four—Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma—named in order of population, so far as officially ascertained. There will remain only the Indian Territory and the great outlying domain of Alaska. Will the civilized remnant of the aborigines finally become an Indian commonwealth in the heart of the Union, the last to be fitted in, the key-piece, as it were, of the great combination? If so, the States of the ultimate union will be forty-nine. From old Assyria through ancient Israel the number seven has come down to us with a kind of sacred significance, and there is a multiplied sanctity in seven times seven.

Israel celebrated, in its law if not in its practice, the completion of the cycle of seven times seven years with a jubilee on the fiftieth. Will our final union be that of the sacred combination of numbers, with the jubilee number represented by the District of Columbia, which contains the national capital, or perchance by the far-off Territory of Alaska, a dim satellite beyond the confines of the resplendent galaxy?

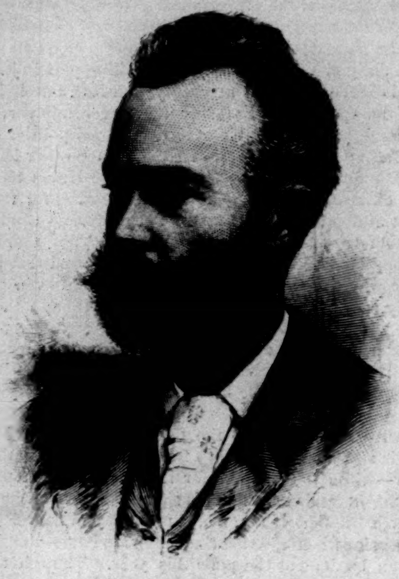
Already the Union has been more than a hundred years a-making. The original thirteen of 1790 had just doubled in fifty years, and were twenty-six in 1850. The additions in the next fifty years, or prior to the new process of admission in 1890, were one short of thirteen, making a union of thirty-eight States after Colorado came in in 1876. There was then a period without change in the number longer than had occurred before since the actual union of States was established.

The most significant political incident of this "indissoluble union of indestructible States" is the equal representation of all in the Senate. It is the chief strength of the Union and the chief weakness of the Senate. It was the main inducement to the earliest accessions and the main objection to the latest. It is one of the compromises by which the Union was brought about, one of the forces by which it was imperilled, one of the factors by which it is made perpetual. The equal representation of States is an unequal representation of the people. This inequality has varied and widened amazingly in a hundred years.

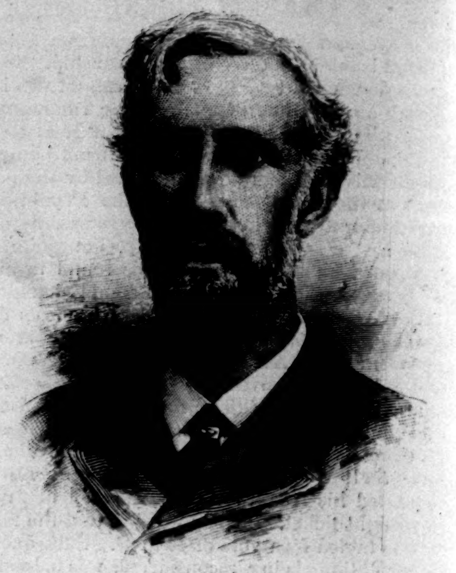
When Delaware and Rhode Island insisted upon the same footing in the Senate as Virginia and Pennsylvania, the smallest State had a population of 59,094 and the largest 747,610, by the census of 1790. The ratio was about one to thirteen. Our least populous State in 1890 was less populous than Delaware in 1790, for Nevada had but 45,761 inhabitants when the last census was taken. But New York in 1890 had more than eight times the population that Virginia had in 1790. When the Union was established, Virginia's two Senators represented thirteen times as many people as Delaware's two Senators, but to-day the two Senators of New York represent almost exactly one hundred and thirty times the population represented by those of Nevada. Has this disparity reached its limit, or will it increase in the ultimate union? It may increase as between the extremes, for Nevada gives little promise of future growth, but the general inequality among States is likely to diminish. However that may be, nothing is so firmly fixed in the Federal Constitution as the "equal suffrage" of the States in the Senate.



THE LATE WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS.
Ex-Minister to Germany.



THE HON. CLARENCE LEXOW,
Chairman of the Senate Investigating Committee.—[See Page 607.]



JOHN W. GOFF,
Counsel of the Senate Investigating Committee.—[See Page 607.]

WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS.

The life of Mr. William Walter Phelps, who died at his residence at Teaneck, Bergen County, New Jersey, on June 17th, was so active, and he had been so well known in various ways in the society of New York, in business, and in the national politics of the Republican party, that it seems difficult to realize that he was only fifty-four years old. And though it is a little paradoxical, it will also seem difficult to many to realize that he was so old as that, because throughout his active career he always made something of the impression made at the start, so that he seemed almost to the last one of the young men in our public life.

Mr. Phelps came of the oldest and strictest republican stock, being descended from a brother of the secretary of Oliver Cromwell, who founded the family in Connecticut 164 years ago. His father was John Jay Phelps, well known in the business circles of New York in that active commercial and industrial period, the second third of the century, when many of what are now the great and firmly established enterprises of the nation were conceived and carried out. Mr. Phelps was the head of one of the largest importing houses in the Union, and it was to his energy, courage, and skill that the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad was due. He was, moreover, intimately connected with a large number of the great financial corporations of the city. At his death, in 1869, he left what was for that time remarkable wealth, of which his son, William Walter, inherited enough to have enabled him, had he chosen, to lead a life of elegant leisure, for which his personal tastes and his social gifts peculiarly fitted him. Mr. Phelps, however, had very different aims from this, and a strong sense of responsibility for his advantages, whether of fortune or talents.

Born August 24, 1839, Mr. Phelps graduated at Yale with honor in 1860. He graduated from Columbia College Law School in 1863, also with honor, and for the next six years practised his profession with great activity and success, making a reputation that made eminence practically certain had he pursued it. But in 1869 the death of his father, and the succession to a large fortune requiring much attention, determined him to give up active practice. His first venture in politics, in which he had taken a keen interest, was his election in 1872 to Congress from the Fifth New Jersey District, he having made his home at Teaneck, where he had a princely estate, extending from the Hudson River to the Hackensack. He immediately received recognition in the House as a speaker of unusual power, a hard worker, and a man of independent judgment, though of strong sense of loyalty to his party. His first year in Congress was marked by the panic of 1873—the culmination and collapse of the system of reckless expansion of the currency which had taken place during the war. Mr. Phelps was a sound-money man in the strictest sense of the word, and he made the voice of the solvent and honest business men of New York, with whom he had been closely identified, heard with effect in the debates that resulted in the enactment of the resumption law of 1875. He also took an active part in the post-war debates, and opposed the civil rights bill. As a speaker Mr. Phelps possessed a remarkable, perhaps an unfortunate, gift of wit and sarcasm. Though his views of public questions were deliberately matured, after careful study and solid preparation, his bubbling and irrepressible sense of fun to some extent prevented him from being taken as seriously as he wished to be and ought to have been taken. As was remarked of him by the wife of one of his colleagues, a leader in Washington society, "He is able, sound, brilliant, and conscientious, but he *is* such a tease." He gave the House such delightful entertainment that there came to be a slight feeling of disappointment when he gave them only eloquence and sound sense.

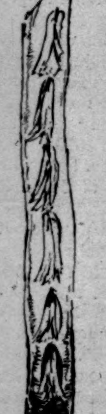
Mr. Phelps was defeated for re-election in 1874, in the great reaction against the Republican party of that year, though by only eleven votes. In 1878 and 1880 he failed to secure the nomination of his party. In 1881 he was appointed Minister to Vienna by President Garfield, but resigned on the accession of Vice-President Arthur. In 1884 and 1888 he was elected to the House. In 1884 he was an ardent supporter of Mr. Blaine, and the leader in the defence of the candidate against the charges of lax official morality. In 1888 his State delegation supported him for the Vice-Presidential nomination, which, however, necessarily went, after the nomination of Mr. Harrison, to one less openly identified with Mr. Blaine's fortunes. In 1889 he was appointed a member of the joint commission on Samoa at Berlin, and was at the conclusion of that work appointed to the German mission. In this post he achieved great success, not only in the difficult diplomatic task of securing access to the markets of Germany for American agricultural products, but as a social representative of his country. On his return to the United States under that absurd rule by which ministers are changed when the party in power changes, he was appointed to the Court of Errors and Appeals in New Jersey, and to the commission for advising as to the constitutional changes in the judiciary system of the State.

His health began to give way last winter, and early in April serious pulmonary trouble was established, which made rapid progress. Mr. Phelps leaves a widow (daughter of J. E. Sheffield, of New Haven), a daughter, and two sons.

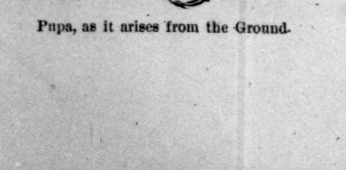
THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST.

Drawings by J. Meredith Nugent.

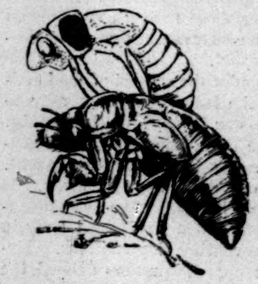
One day in the first week in June, when the sun shone as it had not for a fortnight before, the writer spent a day working in his garden and about his lawn. He had read that it was the time for the reappearance of the seventeen-year locusts, and for them he kept a sharp lookout. Not one was to be seen. The next day also was bright, and the writer took a walk through the woods and the country lanes. Now the fences were lined with these insects, and the road-sides covered with those that were not out of their shells and with the shells that had been discarded. This almost instantaneous appearance of these insects is very curious, and lends some excuse, if not real weight, to the popular delusion that these insects are the same or are closely related to the Egyptian locusts with which Pharaoh was threatened by Moses, and which furnished meat to John the Baptist. As a matter of fact, the Egyptian locust is migratory, while this periodical visitor never goes any considerable distance from his birthplace, and is not a locust at all. Instead of being so formidable a fellow, he is only the modest cicada, which comes to the earth for a brief season to sing and lay eggs, and then to disappear almost as instantly as he came. The work is about equally divided between the sexes, as the males make the noise in the world — the most remarkable noise for insects of their size—and the females lay the eggs, which take a long seventeen years to hatch out and develop into cicadæ again. The male cicada does not sing with the mouth or throat, but the organs of sound are a kind of musical instrument or apparatus on the under side of the abdomen. Probably no voice or throat ever made could stand the strain that the cicada's singing would cause. This monotonous sound affects some sensitive persons with a profound melancholy, and on hot days in the country it is not unusual to see a man or a woman looking the personification of grief really depressed by the ceaseless humming. Even at night there is no cessation, except while the rain is falling; therefore rains are doubly welcome. These sounds can be made even after the insect is long dead, by pulling the fibres of which the sound-making apparatus is constructed and letting them escape. This noise has been heard a mile away, and is similar to that made by a scissors-grinder when at work. In some countries the insects bear names that signify that sleep is banished by their din.



Twig punctured by Seventeen-year Cicada. (Magnified.)

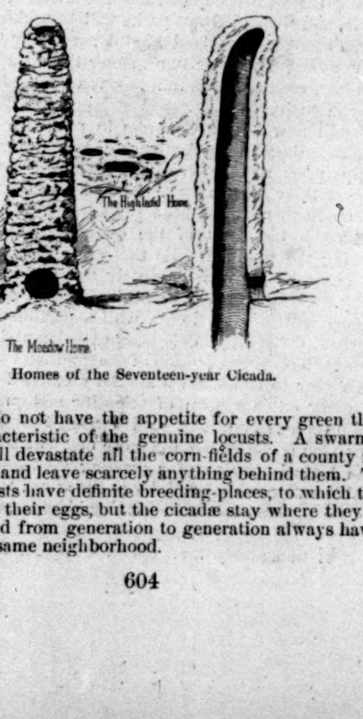


Pupa, as it arises from the Ground.



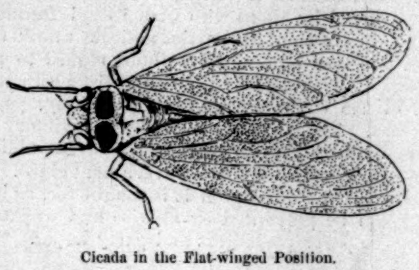
Cicada issuing from a Rent in the Thorax.

As soon as they have cast off their shells, in which they come from the ground, and their wings are free, they proceed to business. The males take to the trees and begin the noise, which they keep up as long as they live, and the females get under a leaf or tuft of grass and deposit their ova. Sometimes the eggs are deposited in young trees, and it is in this way that the cicadæ are chiefly destructive. Certainly they do not have the appetite for every green thing that is characteristic of the genuine locusts. A swarm of the latter will devastate all the corn-fields of a county in a single night, and leave scarcely anything behind them. The genuine locusts have definite breeding-places, to which they go to deposit their eggs, but the cicadæ stay where they are produced, and from generation to generation always have a home in the same neighborhood.

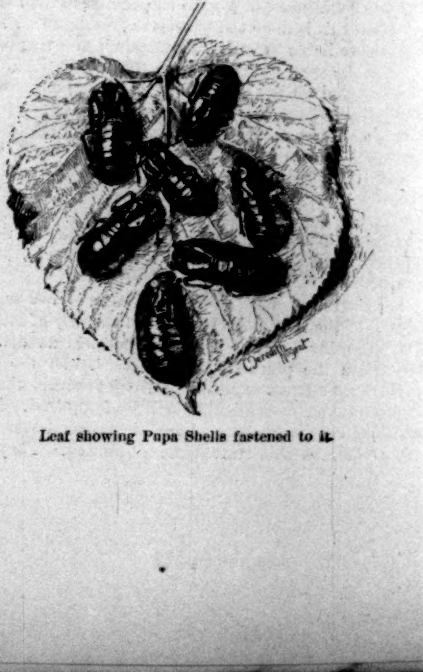


Homes of the Seventeen-year Cicada.

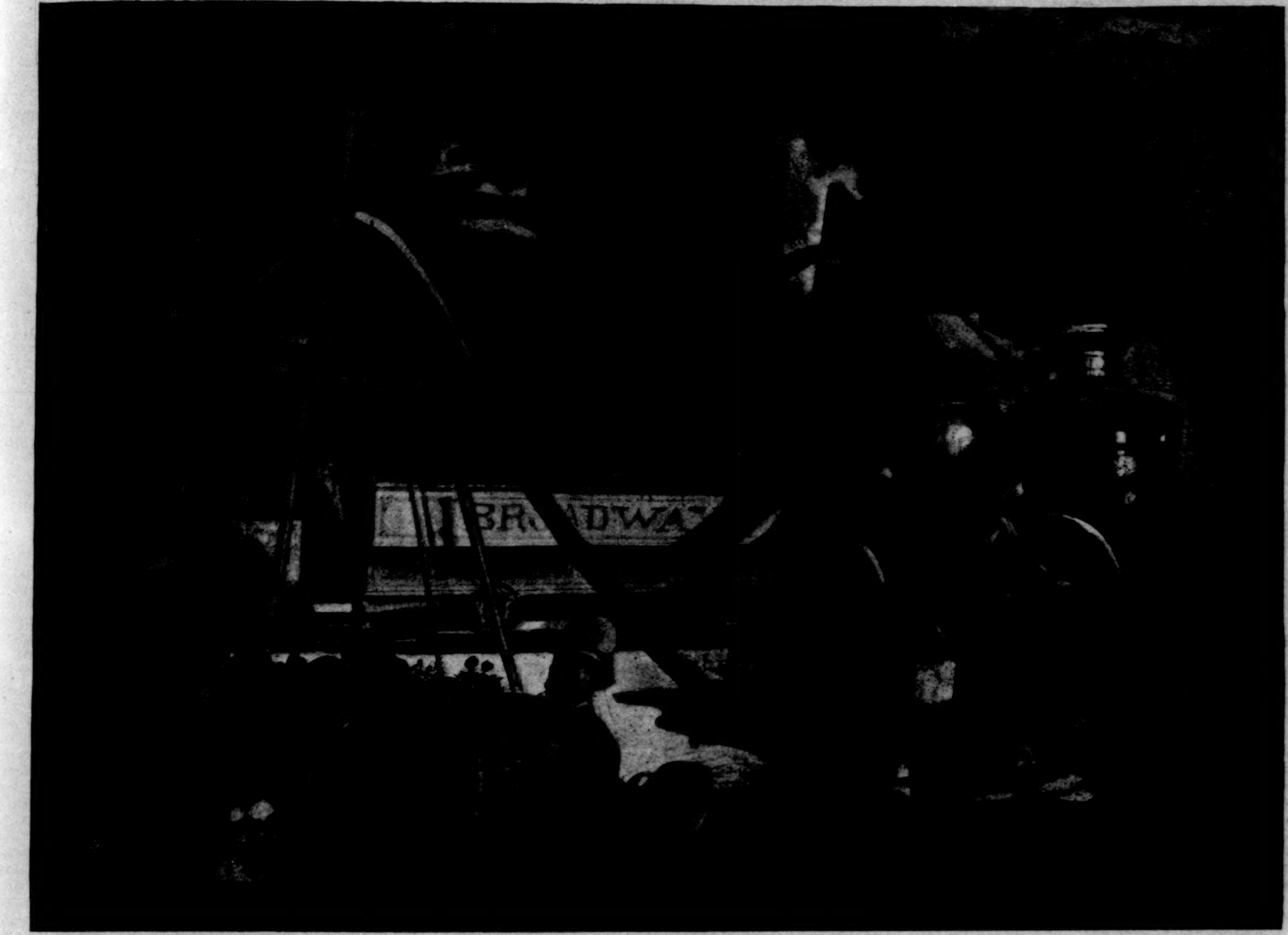
There are several broods of cicadæ in the United States, and they are not all of the same year; while some of the cicadæ reappear in thirteen years, others require seventeen years of subterranean retirement. These facts have added to the confusion in the public mind about these interesting insects, for the unscientific observer will see what looks to him to be seventeen-year locusts, and in a few years more—not half of seventeen years, however—he will note what seems to be the same insect. Generically they are the same, but they belong to different broods, and mayhap one is a seventeen-year cicada while the other belongs to the thirteen-year variety. The entomological records show that in the neighborhood of Washington there appeared a brood



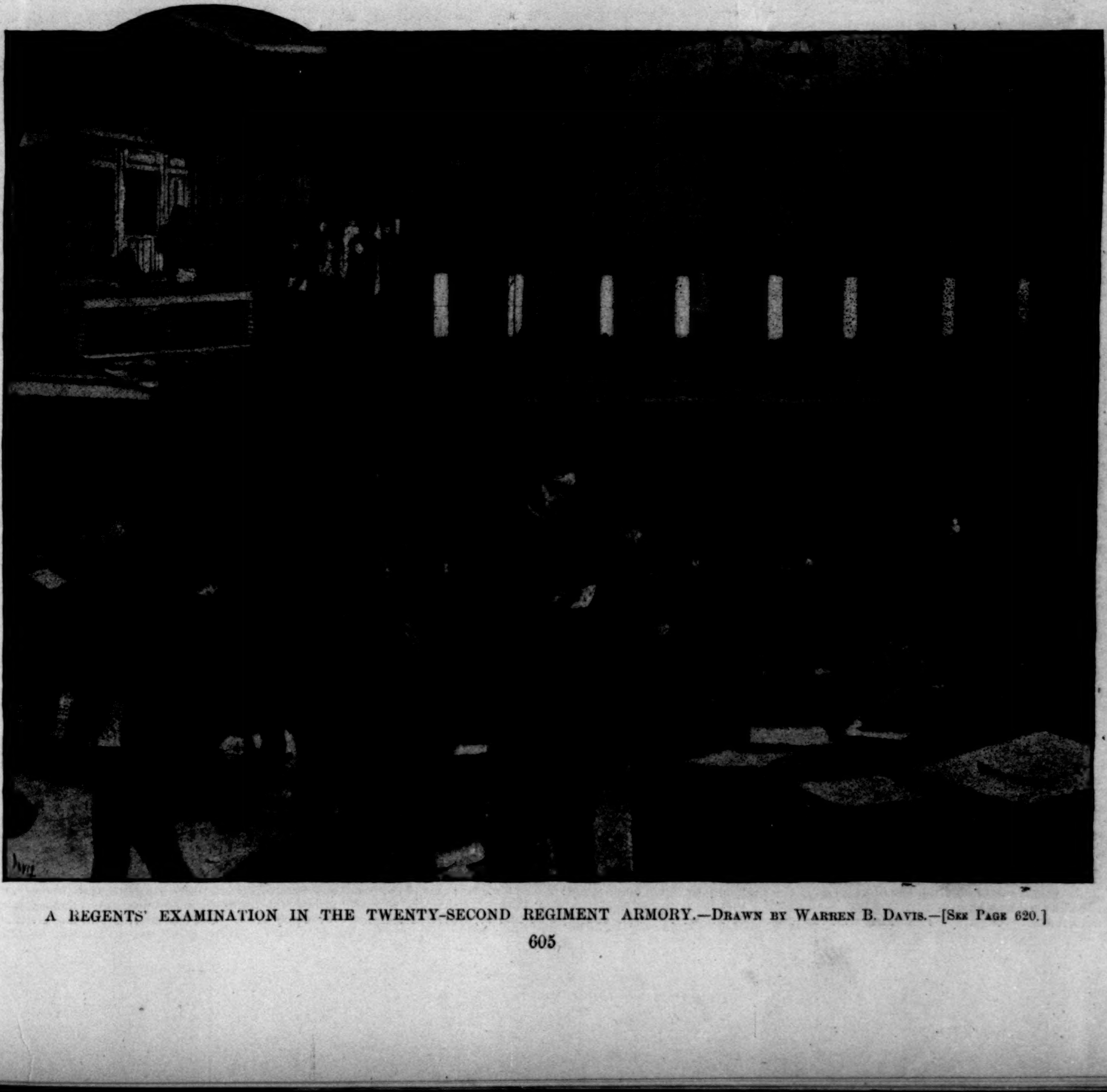
Cicada in the Flat-winged Position.



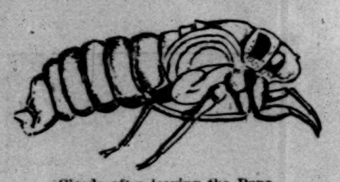
Leaf showing Pupa Shells fastened to it.



FIRES AND TRAFFIC—DEVICE FOR RAISING FIRE-HOSE ABOVE CAR TRACKS.—Drawn by Frank H. Schell.—[See Page 618.]



A REGENTS' EXAMINATION IN THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT ARMORY.—Drawn by Warren B. Davis.—[See Page 620.]

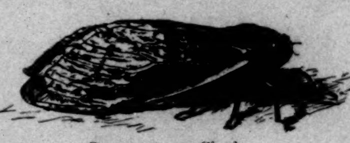


Cicada after leaving the Pupa.

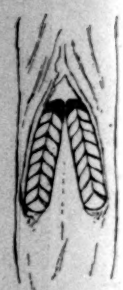
of locusts nine years ago. But the present fellows are not of that brood, which will not appear again till 1902, while the eggs from which our present visitors came were deposited in 1877, so that they are in time and up to date. As there was a brood of thirteen-year cicadæ in 1881, there will be in some parts of the country also a visitation of these this summer, and in some of the localities where the 1881 cicadæ are due the 1877 cicadæ have also appeared, so the people in such places will be doubly blest. The entomologists in the employ of the Department of Agriculture keep a close record of these various broods, and so far have identified twenty-two.

The seventeen-year insects of this year constitute group twelve in the classification, while the thirteen-year variety is numbered eighteen. Another fact of interest is that the thirteen-year variety belongs to the South, while the seventeen-year cicada is a Northern insect. Localities that are neither North nor South, but only half-way, have the advantage of both varieties. This advantage is not, however, appreciated to any extent by others than entomologists, who study the habits of all insect life, and small boys, who find in them something new to catch and imprison in old baking-powder cans.

Enterprising newspaper correspondents from rural districts have been sending very exaggerated reports of the devastation created by the cicadæ, and one account told with much detail of the passengers being driven from a railway train by the swarms that flew through the windows. This must have been a yarn made out of cloth pretty nearly whole. The cicadæ are not gregarious like the Egyptian locusts and the Rocky Mountain grasshoppers, and though they seem to swarm in localities where they have been produced in great numbers, they do not flock together in the same sense as the other insects mentioned. Both the Old World locusts and those so called in the New World deposit their eggs in sandy places that are to a great extent destitute of vegetation. When they are grown, as they have great and unappeasable appetites, necessity requires that they should go where food is to be had. It has been held also that there is no periodicity in the appearance of the genuine locusts, but some entomologists are of opinion that it is every eleven years that they come in such numbers as to be dangerous.



Seventeen-year Cicada.



Section of Twig showing arrangement of Eggs at each puncture. (Magnified.)

AN OCEAN INTERFERENCE.

BY M. D. HATCH.

THE afternoon was overcast, and the thoughts of Archibald Stuart were likewise wrapped in gloom, as he hurried up the street from the Hoboken ferry to share in that outwardly hilarious and inwardly agonizing practice of seeing a steamer off.

He feared he was late, unavoidably so, for he had been already once before into Jersey that morning in quite an opposite direction—to go over the site of some houses for which he was to draw up the plans—too big an order for him to trifle with in the present condition of his affairs—and although he had allowed plenty of time under ordinary circumstances, cars, boats, trains, everything, had seemed diabolically possessed to delay him.

He glanced at his watch once again as he tore along, and found he would be in time for at least a glimpse of the face that it would not be his to see for months to come; a chance to bid God-speed to the woman who just now complexioned the world for him. He put the thought shudderingly aside that these months might mean forever.

When he reached the long deck it looked quite vacant; all of the passengers were aboard, and all of their friends with them, to judge by the tightly wedged mass crowding the deck. It was easy to distinguish the travellers, but hard to find just the one he was in search of. He looked up and down the deck, but could not see her, plunged a moment into the stifling-perfumed dining room, where, although he did not notice it, a small table had been entirely devoted to extravagant expressions of friendship for Miss Edith Eccleston, and then sought the deck again, to make a complete circuit of it. He was beginning to be anxious, and yet he had time to notice aft a poor old couple sitting hand in hand, the tears streaming down their withered cheeks; of these he could not tell which was to go, but he envied them the consolation of their frank grief.

At last he found her, with the rest of her party, an aunt and two boy cousins, surrounded by a mass of other relations, girl friends, and adorers.

She was a radiant young creature, tall, stately, gowned with exquisite neatness, a girl perhaps a little on the young side of twenty-five, with such beauty of coloring in her brown eyes, hair, and clear brunette skin that one forgot if her features were good in outline; and when one remembered to look for that, a peculiar sweetness of expression again diverted the attention. Just now her arms were full of roses and lilies and violets, and a large bunch of the last she had pinned to her coat.

As she caught sight of Stuart she put out her hand eagerly. "I was so afraid you would not get here, after all," she said.

While greeting the others, he gently pushed his way to her side. "I could not get here before. It is too bad you have not a better day for sailing; but you will be in warm weather very soon. How do you do, Mrs. Eccleston?" He had to lean across two or three of the relatives to shake hands with the departing aunt. "Well, Georgie, you lucky boy!" this to one of the cousins. Then straightening up, his eyes fell on the flowers she wore.

"I am so much obliged for them," Miss Eccleston murmured; and then added, quickly, "but how did you know these were yours?"

"I did not know; I only hoped they were."

"They are perfectly exquisite," the girl said, and buried her nose and chin a moment in their purple freshness. She had turned a little away from the group about her, which had been there some time, and for a moment, as she raised her eyes to his from the flowers, they seemed quite alone with each other.

"Is that all you can say to me?" he whispered.

She smiled up at him, with the tears rushing into her eyes. "No, no; I have a thousand things to say and kindnesses to thank you for, but not now. I am afraid I shall break down. I am so homesick already." And taking another dip into the violet depths, she brushed the tears rapidly away and turned back to the others, while Stuart stood gloomily beside her.

"You will not be homesick when you get to Algiers," he said, coldly. "You know the story about Eve outside of the gates of Paradise. Well, I remember just how fair are its 'Eden bowers,' and you will forget there is such a thing as homesickness anywhere in the world when you are there."

"Don't be unkind," she murmured, and then laughed at Teddy Edwards ostentatiously wringing out his handkerchief preparatory to saying good-by.

He left her a moment to speak to some other friends he found going, but the last few minutes he spent again beside her in wretched silence, while one after another said good-by.

She had so many friends it irritated him to witness it. He would like to be taking her away from them all; he could sympathize with the wicked lords who locked fair maidens up in high towers, and it made him feel how little she needed him or would miss him from her life.

"Good-by," he said at length, mentally bracing himself for the final wrench. "Good-by. I shall not wait to see the steamer leave the dock." And the girl clasped his hand and held him back for a moment as if she would say something; and finding she could not, murmured a God bless you, and let him go.

Then he walked slowly down the gang-plank, looked back once at the ship, but could not see her for the crowd, stepped to the dock, and felt that the last link had snapped that held him to her. At the foot of the gang-plank stood a man in shabby clothes muttering to himself; he too had bidden farewell to some one, and yet could not tear himself away. Every now and then he would take off his hat, bend his knee with a slight reverence, replace the hat, and go on muttering: he was praying, Stuart could see, and quite oblivious to a curious world.

Then the crowd began to come off the boat, the sailing moment had come, and Stuart fled before the onslaught of his fellow-man to be alone with his despair.

After settling her state-room, which adjoined her aunt's on the main-deck, and crushing out a sentimental impulse to send a written farewell to Stuart back by the pilot, Miss Eccleston went on deck to begin the enjoyment of her southern trip. She had spoken the truth when she said she was homesick, and she tried very hard to argue herself into a less depressed state of mind. But every well-known landmark the steamer left behind harrowed anew her wrought-up feelings. The splendid beautiful bay looked gray and sad; the short waves tumbled angrily. "Good-by! good-by!"—the flags on every side seemed to flutter it mockingly. "Good-by," she whispered to the hills, and "Liberty" regarded her gravely. What changes would come in the interminable months that she would be gone? She wondered why she had consented to go. For pleasure? She was perfectly wretched. Did the man who had stood so gloomily beside her still love her? He had, once, to madness, but then she was not sure of herself; at least she had not cared enough to give up her golden freedom. Was it pride, or that he had ceased to care, that now kept him silent? She was rich; he had nothing but the moderate returns from his profession. It was this that had held him back at first, then one night he had thrown pride and discretion to the winds and asked her to be his wife. She was perfectly conscious of having provoked this—of a thrill of exultation when he had given way to the impulse which in calm moments he had determined never to be weak enough to yield to until he could offer her a home like that she had always known. She knew quite well the struggle that had gone on in his heart and mind, and that love for her had overthrown what his judgment dictated. That night she had told him frankly enough that she liked him, but far from enough; and since then, a year ago, he had spoken no word of love to her, though meeting her often, and occasionally coming to her in the old friendly way. If there was bitterness in his heart that she had led him to believe he was essential to her happiness, he gave no sign of it. By every sweet and womanly device she had made him believe she loved him, and then had told him in calm words that she did not; but with all his will he sought to blame himself for whatever humiliation he had suffered in having to beat a retreat after rashly crossing the lines he had drawn for himself.

This uncomplaining acceptance of her words at first pleased Edith; and then, having had another summer and part of a winter of gayety, and finding them devoid of new sensations, she wearied of it, and having been spoiled all her life by various relations in that she had been left a wealthy orphan, and never having been put to crying for what she wanted, so quickly were all things showered upon her, she began to desire that which she was not quite sure that she still possessed. As time wore on this doubt increased; the man whose devotion had once been hers gradually became a hero to her, his love the only thing in the world worth having. For very shame of her past misdeeds she would stoop now to no woman's coquetry to win a new avowal if he still held her dear. She was very humble in her mind if not always in her method; but Stuart, finding in this new seriousness unexpected charms, worked harder, and avoided her more than before, till at last the doubt in her mind became in time a certainty too painful to dwell on. A restlessness took possession of her, and when her aunt proposed this trip she was to take with her two boys, Edith joyfully acceded to it as a relief from her present misery.

As she stood leaning against the rail, the two boys joined her, and rallied her on her evident dolefulness. They were her favorites of all her many cousins. Arthur, the elder, had once been in love with her for a month, and then, though she still compelled his admiration, he had transferred his affections to a long line of successors, which still at the age of twenty-eight he was constant at least in adding to. George, just out of college, for whom the trip had been planned, was her slave, and in return she had an honest fondness for the big blue-eyed boy, whom she had always petted, and whose devotion amused her; for he took no pains to conceal that his happiest moments were those passed in the society of his worldly-wise cousin, who had seen several seasons, and not in that of the little girls who had danced through college with him. She could talk to him, and, what was better, understand what he said to her. He stood sympathetically beside her now, and walked with her when she felt a bit chilly, bundled her up in her steamer-chair when she was tired, routed her out again, and insisted upon her watching them drop the pilot. When the burly fellow slipped from the ship into his own boat, the same sudden anguish that Stuart had felt in stepping off the gang-plank came to her; she felt this was the breaking of the last tie of home, and that there was now no word to be said and no going back. After this George tucked her up again in her chair and left her gratefully alone, to join Arthur in looking up the many friends they had on board. She was glad to be left there awhile to think undisturbed. Her aunt was safe in her berth. Mrs. Eccleston had retired to this refuge as soon as they reached the Narrows, in order that she might become gradually used to the increasing motion of the ship before it was too late to avoid unpleasant consequences. She had a theory, which she had proved satisfactorily to herself years before, that by remaining perfectly quiet in a recumbent attitude for two days the circulation by degrees became thoroughly accustomed to the unusual stirring it was subjected to by the ocean, and she triumphantly explained that in consequence of pursuing this method she had never been ill, although George declared she would not have been ill, anyhow.

The twilight came down on the sea, and Miss Eccleston was still lost in pensive reflections. People passed her now and then, walking for amusement, their appetites, or their livers; but as most of the passengers found it too cold and damp to sit quietly, she was quite alone.

As she went over the past in her mind, the pain in her heart became greater. She could see Stuart as he had stood beside her only a few hours ago—tall, spare, thoroughbred, with thin straight features, and the lines about his mouth and eyes that she used to criticise as too sensitive for a man. She brought this image so persistently before her that its clearness faded from the very effort; but she could always see his eyes, that were gray and gentle, and which at times had shown the hurt she had done him though he spoke no word.

If he still loved her, why had he not said so once before she had gone? He could not care. And yet what had he meant when he had asked her if her thanks were all she could say? She went over every word that had passed between them that afternoon, but could draw slight comfort from them. If he was too proud to speak again, he really could care but little, after all. She tried to taunt herself into a state of indifference. Was she going to be as wretched as this throughout the whole of this trip for pleasure? She still wore at her breast the violets he had sent her. She unpinned them, and held them to her face. He must still care a little, but would he care all the while she would be gone; would she find him unchanged when she returned, or would the old passionate love grow less and less sweet as would the violets she was holding? She would rather have it broken at once. She rose on a sudden impulse, threw the rug that was about her into the chair, and went over to the edge of the deck. "You shall not wither," she whispered to the flowers; "I want to remember you fresh and beautiful as you are now." She kissed them passionately, hidden by the dusk, and flung them into the sea.

Then she put her hands resolutely in her coat pockets to turn away, when something sharp struck her hand. She drew it out; it was the envelope and card that had come with the flowers, and which she had thrust into her pocket, not to leave it in the box. She pulled the card out and read the name critically—Mr. Archibald Stuart. She idly wondered how many of the cards she would have had if she had kept them all; then mechanically she turned it over, and started a little to find there was something written on the back that she had not seen before. In the hurry of departure she had only drawn the card half out to see the name, and had never thought to turn it over. It was too dark for her to read the closely written words where she was, and she went over and stood where she could get the light from the music-room. "I thought I should have the courage to let you go without speaking again, but give me one word of hope if you can before you say good-by." Relief, joy, and an unutterable grief swept through her; the words that she had longed and prayed for had come, but she was going further and further from him every moment. She could not cry out to him how her heart had ached for those words, that her going was only to escape the intolerable yearning for what she believed she had lost. She slipped away from the light, and now looked despairingly into the sea, where she had thrown the flowers he had sent her. She wanted to clasp them again, and put her face down into them; they would have seemed a living part of his love. She stretched out her arms to the darkened sea, while a half-sob escaped her, and then dropped them weakly, while the strength ran into her hands, which she clinched to keep from wringing them. She could write to him and tell him of the pitiful mischance that had kept her from knowing, and again the new joy swept through her, to be crushed by the thought of the days and days before she could, and that he had gone away believing that she had no love to give him, and was believing it now, and would believe for all those days to come.

Stuart had gone to his office on leaving the steamer and tried to work, but finding it impossible, had gone up town home to his rooms, a studio in the Sherwood, sent away his man for the night, and keeping his dog for a companion, had given himself a holiday for grief. The end of his dream had come, and after to-day he would put it away forever. For hours he sat abandoning himself to the bitter thoughts that at last he allowed to overwhelm him. His dog, an Irish setter, lay almost motionless at his feet. When the daylight faded out of the studio, and the big north window grew black with a stormy twilight, his master rose and lighted a lamp, while the dog followed at his heels, and stood close to him when he stopped, rubbing his nose affectionately against him. Stuart patted the brute's head gratefully, and went and fetched him something to eat; he could eat nothing himself, but drank to overcome the weakness he felt creeping over him. Then he threw himself down on the pillowed lounge, while the dog came and rested his head against his master's arm and looked up inquiringly with his large soft eyes into his face; something was wrong he knew well enough; and then he slipped down again with a thump on the polished floor, and lay still at his master's feet. Once the silence was broken by some one knocking at the door; the dog sprang up eagerly, barking, but Stuart made no response.

"Hello, Jeff, there! are you keeping house alone?" Stuart recognized the voice of one of the artists in the building, but made no answer, and the caller went away, believing him out.

At last the reaction came. He would cease this childishness of blaming some one else for his own wretchedness and weakness. She had gone without giving him the one word he had asked for; with a kindly good-by, of course, but she did not want the love he had always given her too freely, and from this time he would be man enough to put the thought of what might have been away from him. He jumped up (Jeff ecstatically responding to this new mood), and followed by his dog, he started on one of those long tramps that had helped him before.

He walked over to the river and up the driveway. The night was black and starless, but the cold air refreshed him; he walked until he was so weary it was an effort for him to reach the studio again, and then he slept without a dream.

The next day he worked unceasingly, but felt shaken and exhausted; nerves, he thought, and despising a man with nerves, paid no attention to it. When Sunday came it was a dreaded respite from the work which he thanked God for; and the day following found him almost ill, but still unyielding.

Late that afternoon Evans, for whom he was putting up a new stable on his Litchfield farm, came in, and noticing how ill he looked, had the inspiration of carrying him off to the farm that very night, making the stable an excuse, though it was not at all in need of his presence. He meant to keep Stuart with him for several days. The farm was five miles from the town, with a comfortable old house upon it, which was always kept in readiness for Evans's erratic descents upon it; and the isolation and stillness of the place, with its dry bracing air, he was sure would be a tonic to his overworked friend. It had that effect at first—just that next day. Evans drove him for miles about the country, which is always beautiful at any season of the year, and then let him wander about as he pleased. The peace of the place stole over his tired senses, and he felt that he would be content never to see the city, a letter, a newspaper, or to hear the rattle of the cars again. That was the first day, and the next morning these views were but slightly modified; but as the day wore on a new fever of restlessness seized upon him, the stillness became oppressive, it weighed him down, and he felt that he could not bear it. After luncheon, which the two men partook of rather silently, he carelessly mentioned to his host that he had decided he ought not to stay away from his office another day, although even this short visit, he felt, had benefited him.

He put his determination as courteously as he could, for he thoroughly appreciated Evans's thoughtfulness and hospitality, but there was a twinkle in his host's eye as he waited for him to finish.

"I am delighted to hear that, my boy," he answered, slapping Stuart's shoulder approvingly. "I don't believe I could have stood another day of it myself." So they went down on the afternoon train, and parted cordially at the station.

Stuart dined at his rooms, and afterwards tried to settle himself with a book. He had sent Jeff off with his man, and the studio seemed lonelier than ever, so he shut the book and went out, with no definite idea where he would go—only somewhere.

He wandered aimlessly down town, and then crossed over to the Opera-house, which occurred to him as the most soothing place he could choose, if he could only be left alone.

He was not in evening dress, but did not hesitate in his choice for that reason. "What is the opera?" he asked of one of the speculators, still hovering about the entrance. "*Semiramide*; aisle seat, half-way down the centre," said the man. Stuart took the ticket and sauntered in. He did not like the opera, but consoled himself with thinking that its music would be more agreeable to him than some that he really cared for. It would appeal to him less, and his nervous condition was such just then that he shrank from the slightest touch; he did not want to experience any feeling at all, and certain music had the power to move him to actual suffering at times.

The curtain was just going up on the second act when he entered. The queen was seated in a rosy bower—for all the world like a lady in a valentine, thought Stuart; Melba was singing the part of the queen, and he did not like to see her belittled by her surroundings, so he shut his eyes till she began to sing. He loved her clear flutelike tones, and that night she was in exquisite voice, but the frequent runs and trills worried him; and then Scalchi came in and ran and trilled with her, while their voices blended and parted and syncopated each other in a marvellous net-work of tone; but he was so ill it wearied him.

He sat perfectly still during the change of scene, and did not look around, for he did not want to have to go and talk to any one. He let his mind wander on about the opera; there were lovely bits in it, he knew, but it did not interest him, and he objected to the many brilliant finales to the solos and duets, which he considered positively indelicate in their evident bids for applause.

The curtain went up again, and the queen and the populace were thrilled with horror at the shade of Ninus. The queen had shared in the killing of her husband. Was there no remorse for those who kill the heart?

Another change; he still sat unmoved, but lulled somewhat by the flow of the music; and then came the final duet: the guilty queen, having twittered out her emotions, at last rippled into its noble sweetness, and he felt it was worth having waited all that while to hear, so perfectly did the low notes of the daring contralto blend with Melba's marvellous purity of tone. He had not wanted to be moved, but it vibrated through him, and a sense of exquisite delight and peace came over his soul. He turned and looked around, as if to catch some sympathetic glance in his pleasure, and his heart stood still. In one of the boxes, so near him it seemed as if he could touch it by reaching out his hand, she was sitting, looking at him with imploring eyes. His senses reeled; it had come, he thought—he had worked just a little too much. She seemed to be smiling at him now. He drew his hand wearily across his forehead. The applause for the duet was deafening, and it confused him still more. "If only the dead could find out when to come back and be forgiven." The old line that he had not seen since he was a boy came back to him. Had she been lost at sea? No, he did not believe she was dead; the trouble was all in himself, in his overworked brain. A sudden faintness came upon him, and he put his hand over his eyes a moment. When he took it away the dazzling lights were turned on full again, and she was not there. The applause still kept on, and few people noticed him, as, with all the color gone out of his face, he made his way slowly up the aisle. He reached the lobby, and leaned heavily against one of the doors. He could not understand what had happened to him; it was a physical impossibility that she could have been there, and he could have sworn that she had looked into his eyes and smiled.

The men came rushing out, and the air from the opening doors revived him; he had sent a boy for his hat and coat, and was waiting for them, when a man came up behind him and put a hand gently on his shoulder.

"Edith wants you to go home with us, Stuart, if you will."

It was George Eccleston.

Stuart looked at him in amazement. "Then it was she?" he whispered, quite overcome. "But how—what has happened to bring you back?"

"Don't you read the papers, man?" George asked, laughing, though Stuart's white face somewhat startled him.

"Of course I do, but I have been out of town for a day or two."

"Well, if you hadn't, you would have seen that we shipped one of the biggest storm waves on record, a perfect monster, and were so badly smashed we came back," George explained. "Deuced nuisance, but it's better than going to the bottom, anyhow. Come along."

She had sent for him! Hope sprang up undaunted still in his heart, though he tried to crush it back; he could not go through all that suffering again. But she had sent for him. In a moment he was beside her in the little anteroom of the box, and they wanted to take him home with them.

She was with the Caryls, who always left before the last act to avoid the crush, which made both the elderly Caryls fidgety—a practice, however, which exasperated all of the young Caryls, who fortunately were not there that evening. There was no trouble getting their carriages at once on the Thirty-ninth Street side, and it all happened so quickly that Stuart still felt somewhat dazed as they rattled along to the Eccleston's home.

At last he was alone with her in the drawing-room, which, although he was quite oblivious to it, was grewsome enough, with brown holland over the furniture, the pictures misty with white tarlatan, and ghastly outlines of statuary swathed in cheese-cloth, which had been done preparatory to a long absence from home.

"I thought I had suddenly gone insane," he told her, "when I saw you looking at me there to-night. You see"—Edith was looking at him now with eyes that he vainly tried to believe were only friendly, and it disturbed his calm utterance—"I had been—I have been working very hard since you left, and—"

"You looked ill," she said. "I had been watching you almost from the time you came in. I went there to-night hoping you would be there. I asked Mrs. Caryl if she would have room for me with her. We only got off the steamer this morning, you know; but I have been so excited I could not settle down to anything."

"Tell me about it," he said. "I have heard nothing about it at all. Was there danger?"

She could not answer for a moment, but nodded an assent, while the tears stood in her eyes. He thought it was because of the strain she had been under, but it was really for the sudden anguish of his face. "Would you have cared?" She did not want to hurt him more, but she wished to be quite sure.

"How can you ask it?" he cried. He went near to her and caught her two hands. She had provoked him again, he felt, and she must take the consequences. "Have you no pity for me?" he went on, his eyes flashing ominously with the coming storm. "Ever since you left I have been utterly wretched. I have suffered so that my heart has been full of bitterness for you, and then you come back and hold out your hand a little way to me, and, like a fool, I come to you to begin the pain all over again." He dropped her hands, and went over to the fireplace and leaned against it, his head turned from her.

"You are quite right to feel as you do," she said, standing still where he had left her; "but I am not altogether to blame. I did not know you still cared in the old way." He turned and looked at her incredulously. "Wait," she said, as if afraid he was going to interrupt her. "When we were but a little way out I threw away the violets you gave me, because I did not want to see them wither as I thought your love had withered; and then I found the card you sent with them, with a message on it that I had not seen before, and I would have given worlds to have the flowers back." He made a step towards her, as if he would have taken her in his arms, but she kept him back for a moment. "When the wave struck us," she went on, "I was half asleep, but with the awful crash I sprang out of bed, to find the water up to my knees in the state-room. Oh, Archie!"—she held him back no longer—"I only thought of you then, and that you would never know. And then the boat was turned, and soon every one knew we were coming back. It was terrible to think what it might have been, and of those that were hurt, and the loss, and everything. But all those three days on the way home I just kept thinking the ship was coming back to you, and perhaps it meant the saving of two lives' happiness. I will never go again now, unless—"

"Stuart," called George from the hall below, "have you a spare cigar about you? Mine were all water-soaked in my trunk." But this was only one of the myriad results of the storm wave.

THE LEXOW INVESTIGATION.

THE revelations brought about by the special committee of the State Senate, of which Senator Lexow is the chairman, have been really appalling to all New-Yorkers who were outside of the police or the criminal classes. Even to those inside these circles they must have been startling, because both the guardians of the law who exact tribute, and the breakers of the law who pay tribute for permission to ply unlawful businesses, know, for the most part, only of their own immediate relations to the system of corruption, which seems to permeate the police from end to end. If there is anybody who has not been startled by these revelations of the extent to which corruption has been carried, it must be somebody who is very high up in the force. The Commissioners of Police, for example, may reasonably be supposed to be annoyed and disgusted, but they can scarcely be supposed to be surprised by the testimony that has been given before the committee.

Curiously enough, the investigation, while it has done very much to make itself memorable, has done little or nothing to attain the object for which it is supposed to have been undertaken. The starting-point of the investigation was the bipartisan police bill, providing for an equal number of commissioners from each party, which was urged by Senator Lexow during the last session of the Legislature. Proof that the police as it is at present administered is a very corrupt organization was expected to help the bill, and it is not unfair to say that the primary object of the investigation was to make public opinion in favor of the bipartisan scheme. In fact, the evidence has gone back to the days when the police board was bipartisan, and when the Republican and Democratic organizations divided the profits of blackmailing the law-breakers. The evidence shows that the state of things was no better then than it has been since Tammany took unchallenged and undivided control of the force. If possible, it was even worse. It is a tribute, however, not less to the candor of the committee than to the energy of its counsel that this evidence, discouraging as it is to the advocates of the bipartisan system, has been welcomed, and that there has been no visible attempt to restrict inquiry, or to do any other thing than to give a complete presentation of the actual condition of the police force, past and present, in its relations to professional law-breakers.

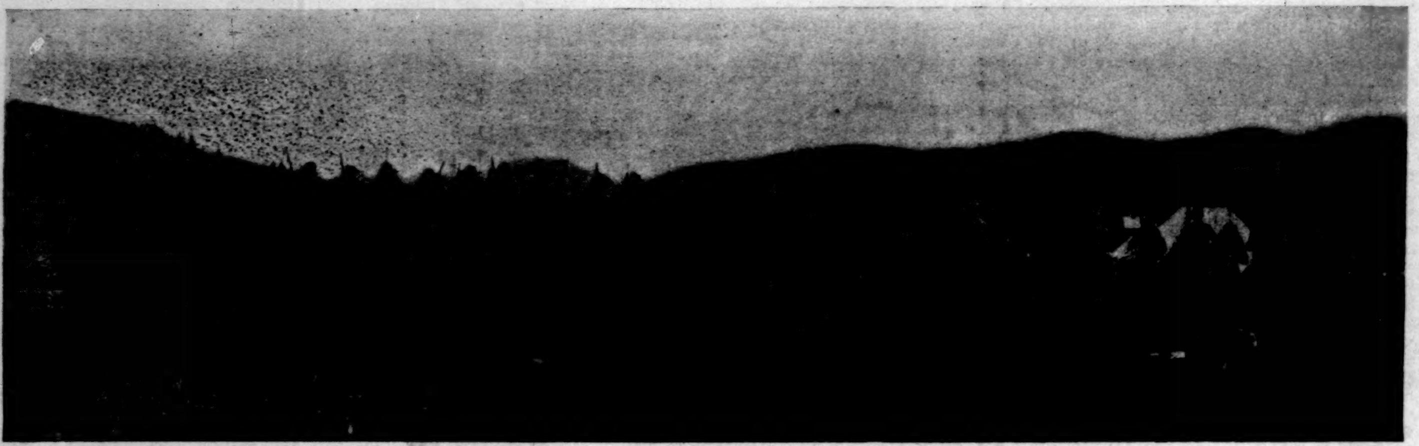
Mr. Clarence Lexow, the chairman of the committee, is a resident of Nyack, and represents in the State Senate the district comprising Orange, Dutchess, and Rockland counties. But to all other than political interests and purposes he is a New-Yorker, having been born and brought up in Brooklyn, and being a member of a law firm in New York, as well as of another firm in the town of his residence. Mr. Lexow was born in Brooklyn in September, 1859. His father, by birth a German, or rather a Schleswig-Holsteiner, was the owner and editor of the *Belletristisches Journal*, an illustrated newspaper, which for a long time enjoyed a large circulation and influence among the German-Americans.

He intended his son to succeed him in the ownership and editorship, and his son's early education was imparted with that purpose in view. He was educated in the German-American Collegiate Institute, in Brooklyn, until he had attained the age of sixteen, and then went to Germany, with a special view to prepare himself for journalism. For some years he pursued his studies at Bonn, where, among other things, he acquired a preference for the law over the business for which he had been intended. Upon returning home, in 1872, he entered the Columbia College Law School, from which he was graduated in 1874, and immediately thereafter became a member of the firm of Lexow and Haldane.

He lived and practised in New York until 1881, when his health became impaired, and it was mainly for the recovery of it that he removed to the less exciting surroundings of Nyack. He soon "went into politics," being nominated by the Republicans for County Judge in 1887, and for member of Congress in 1890, which, unluckily for him, was the year of a Democratic "tidal wave." In 1893 he was elected to the State Senate, in which he has served with credit, and has been chairman of the committees on Internal Affairs and on Education, in which latter capacity he urged and secured the passage of the compulsory education bill. His efforts on behalf of the bipartisan police bill designated him as the most fit Senator of the party of the majority to be chairman of the committee to investigate the police. The sensational interest of the exposures thus far made was not approached by the Roosevelt committee or by the Fassett committee—which latter, indeed, refrained from "tackling" the police—and has only been equalled by the testimony given before a special "Committee on Crime," of the Legislature in 1877, of which Mr. John D. Townsend was counsel.

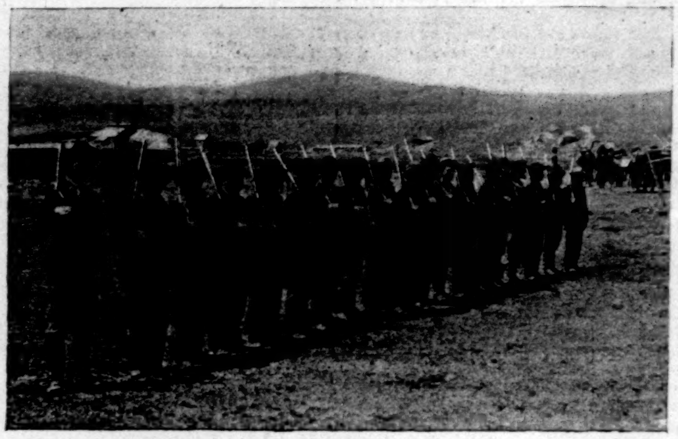
It is a familiar enough fact that the choice of a counsel for an investigating committee of this kind is even more important than the composition of the committee itself. The Lexow Committee, it will now be agreed by all except its victims, was fortunate in securing the services in this capacity of Mr. John W. Goff, whose professional experience, not less than his capacity and disposition, has especially fitted him for this work. Mr. Goff was born in Ireland, and is descended on both sides from Irish patriots. Fervent patriotism, indeed, led his maternal grandfather to the scaffold in '98, and would have conducted his paternal grandfather to the same end if he had not been wary enough to evade the officers of the law who were in search of him. As a boy Mr. Goff ran away to sea, and spent some time in voyages, bringing up at last, something over twenty years ago, in New York, where he supported himself by doing newspaper work at night while he was studying law in the daytime. He was admitted to the bar in 1876, and has since then devoted himself mainly to criminal practice, having served as Assistant District Attorney, and having once been a candidate for the District Attorneyship. The line of Mr. Goff's practice, as has been said, is particularly conducive to his usefulness as counsel to a committee appointed to investigate the police.

Indeed, considering the difficulty of procuring willing witnesses to testify to their knowledge of the workings of the police in its relation to crime, and the danger which such witnesses run or believe that they run, the amount and the character of the evidence Mr. Goff has succeeded in eliciting are really astonishing.

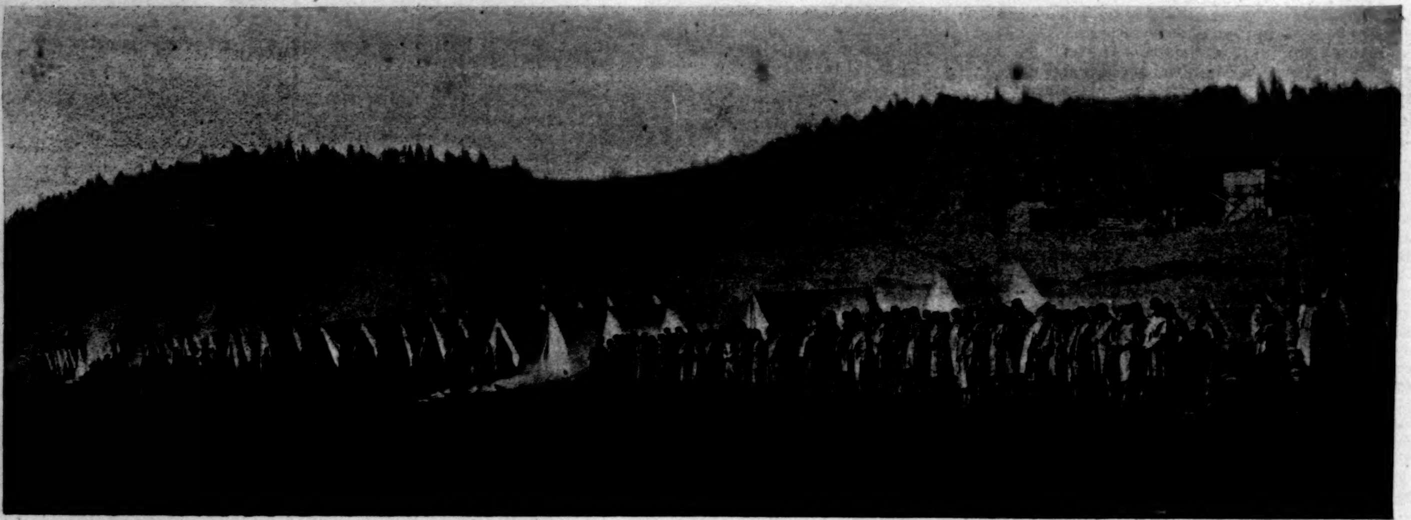


THE VOLUNTEER CAVALRY COMPANY.

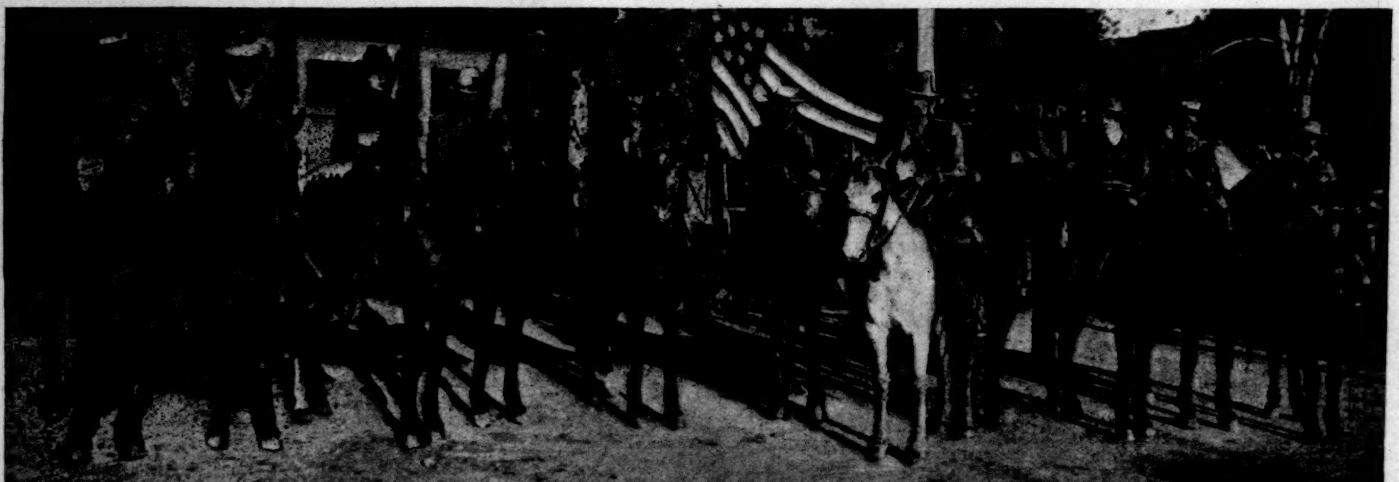
DR. TUCKER AND STAFF—HOSPITAL CORPS, CAMP BOYNTON, BEAVER PARK.



COMPANY "M" OF THE DEPUTIES—THE SHARP-SHOOTERS.



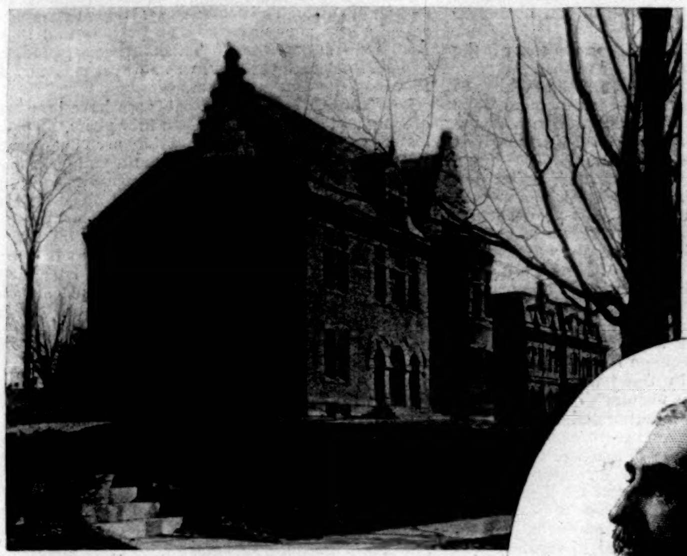
THE COLORADO STATE MILITIA IN CAMP AT CRIPPLE CREEK.



General Adams.

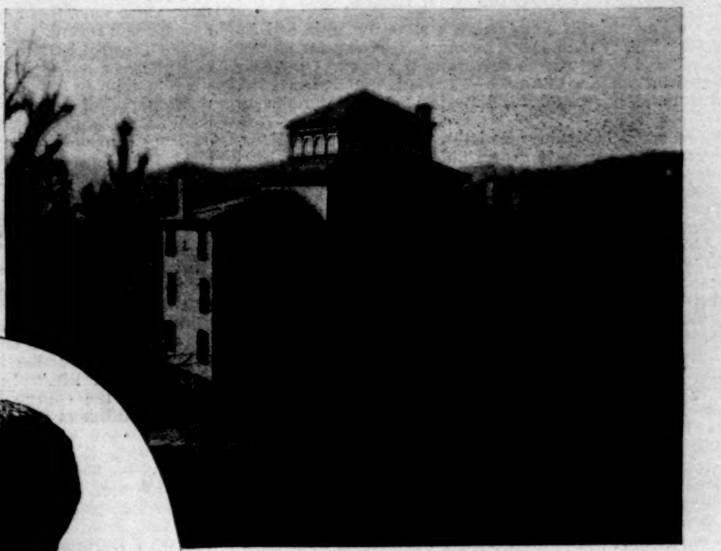
GENERAL ADAMS AND HIS SCOUTS WHO RODE INTO CRIPPLE CREEK.

THE MINING TROUBLES AT CRIPPLE CREEK, COLORADO.—[SEE PAGE 619.]

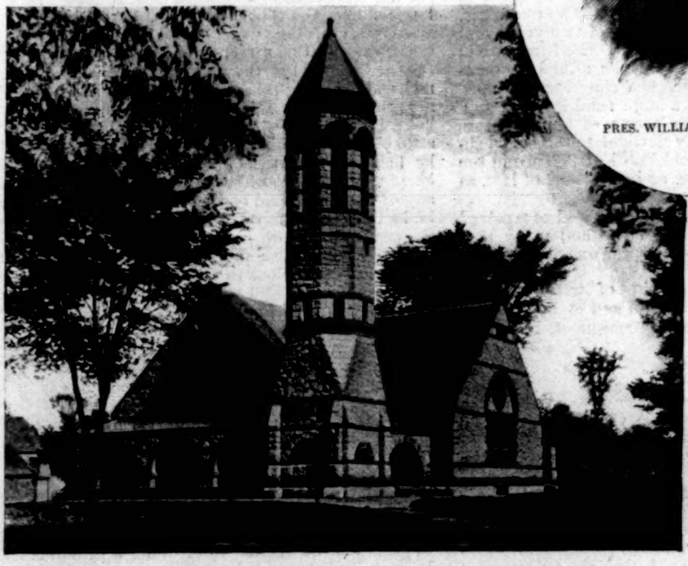


BARTLETT HALL—Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

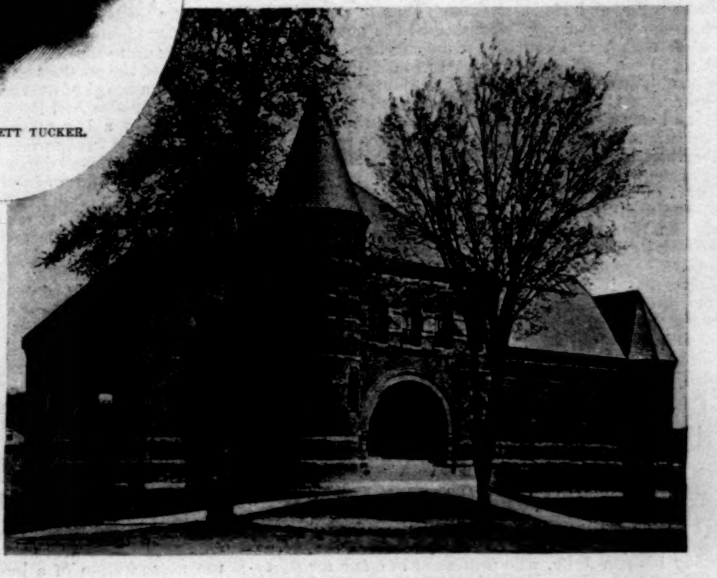
PRES. WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER.



THE MEDICAL COLLEGE.



ROLLINS CHAPEL.



WILSON HALL—THE LIBRARY.

ALUMNI ATHLETIC FIELD.

THE MARY HITCHCOCK HOSPITAL.

DARTMOUTH HALL.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE.—[SEE PAGE 610.]

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

No college in this country has a more romantic and interesting history than Dartmouth, which celebrates its one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary this week. Only four colleges in America are older—Harvard, founded in 1638, William and Mary, in 1693, Yale, in 1700, and Columbia, in 1754.

From small beginnings and through some tribulations, Dartmouth has steadily grown until it is one of the best-equipped and most useful institutions of learning of which we can boast.

The Rev. Eleazer Wheelock had established at Lebanon, Connecticut, in 1754, a missionary school for the Christian education of Indian boys. It was called "Moor's Indian Charity School," after Joshua Moor, who had contributed to it a house and two acres of land. It was supported by the scanty contributions of the colonists in the neighborhood and some remittances from the mother-country. It had few students, about half of whom were Indians, and the other half English youths preparing to become Indian missionaries. Among its pupils was a Mohegan Indian named Samson Occum, who became a preacher, and acquired a considerable reputation for eloquence.

In 1765 Occum, with the Rev. Nathaniel Whitaker, went to England for the purpose of raising funds. The appearance of an Indian, converted to Christianity, speaking English, and speaking it eloquently, excited the greatest interest in England, and the result of his labors was that a fund of ten thousand pounds was subscribed. A board of trustees was organized, of which the Earl of Dartmouth, the largest contributor, was made chairman.

It was then thought the usefulness of the school would be increased if it could be transferred to some place nearer the Canadian Indian tribes. This was the primary consideration for the removal, in 1770, to Hanover, New Hampshire. It was also thought desirable "to reach a greater proportion of English youth," and Hanover, though then in the midst of an unbroken wilderness, was considered the natural centre of "more than two hundred towns, chartered, settled, or about to be settled." Besides, it was found that a charter could be obtained in the colony of New Hampshire, whereas it could not in Connecticut. Yale had already been established, and was a struggling institution, and the authorities in Connecticut thought it desirable that all the resources obtainable there in aid of a college should be concentrated upon Yale.

A draft of a charter was prepared by Wheelock, which, with some modifications, was issued by the colonial Governor, John Wentworth, in the name of King George III., dated December 13, 1769. The original design was simply to found a school or academy, but Wheelock hinted, in a postscript, that it might be well to call it "college," and this suggestion was adopted by Governor Wentworth. Wheelock proposed to call the institution after Governor Wentworth, but the Governor struck out his own name and inserted instead that of Lord Dartmouth, who had been the principal patron of the institution up to that time.

In 1770 Wheelock removed his family and the school, then comprising eighteen whites and six Indians, to Hanover. The first college buildings were log huts.

While the Indian school was continued as such, it was maintained as a separate institution, and existed as late as 1849. Since that date Indians have occasionally been students at the college.

Four students were graduated from the college in 1771. Wheelock was president till his death, in 1779, and was succeeded by his son John, who continued in office for thirty-six years, when he was removed, chiefly because of a local religious controversy. Out of this removal and the subsequent acts of the Legislature arose the celebrated "Dartmouth College Case," which has probably been cited more frequently than any other case in the annals of American jurisprudence. The Legislature, claiming the right to amend or annul the existing charter and to take possession of the property of the college, passed acts creating a new corporation to be called "Dartmouth University," and vesting it with all the property of the college. The old trustees refused to acknowledge the authority of the Legislature, and brought an action *in trover* for the seal and other effects of the College, their contention being that the acts of the Legislature were in violation of the provision of the Constitution of the United States which forbids a State from passing any act impairing the obligation of contracts. The State courts decided against the college, whereupon the case was appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. Daniel Webster, who had graduated at Dartmouth in 1801, then thirty-five years of age, having been associated with other counsel in the conduct of the case in the State courts of New Hampshire, was given entire charge of the case for the college in the Supreme Court. He associated with himself Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia. The argument for the university was made by Mr. Holmes and by William Wirt, then Attorney-General, and one of the most brilliant orators this country has ever produced.

As every one knows, the Supreme Court decided in favor of the college, and that decision has ever since been regarded as the bulwark of contract and vested rights in this country. That case, too, more than the fact that he was an alumnus, has associated the name of Dartmouth College inseparably with that of Daniel Webster.

Dartmouth has always been known and spoken of as "a poor man's college," partly because its sons were the children of comparatively poor men, but more, perhaps, because it was possible for a poor young man to get an education there at less expense than at almost any other college in the country. The charges for tuition, room rent, board, and other necessaries have always been so low that a young man could get through a four years' course upon an expenditure of less than a thousand dollars, without feeling either the pinch of want or the humiliations of poverty. There are now seventy-six scholarships, furnishing from fifty to seventy-five dollars a year, and it has always been the custom of students at Dartmouth to supplement their slender resources by teaching school in the winter. Indeed, not a few of the graduates have been accustomed to say in after years that the discipline they got in teaching school in the winter was not less than that derived from the college curriculum.

Probably no college in the country has educated more teachers and instructors than Dartmouth. Yet it can with equal justice be said she has made her fair contribution to the "learned professions" and to public life. The names of men eminent in public service who received their early education at Dartmouth at once spring to mind—cabinet officers, Senators, Governors, judges, etc.—but three names stand out conspicuously above all others—Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, and Salmon P. Chase. If Dartmouth College had done nothing else than furnish the early education of these three men, that alone would constitute an honorable and brilliant record.

The Trustees have resisted all temptations to convert the college into a university either in name or in fact.

From time to time bequests have been made looking to the founding of professional schools, but a way has always been found to utilize such bequests in connection with the ordinary course of college instruction. Funds were given in 1798 for the establishment of a professorship of medicine of the college, and the Medical College, as such, has existed in connection with the college since 1823. But in a certain sense it is independent of the college. Last year it had a roll of 133 resident students. Its usefulness has been greatly augmented by the recent erection of the Mary Hitchcock Hospital, the gift of Hiram Hitchcock, of New York city, an institution not surpassed in its adaptation to its purposes by any other in the country.

In 1851 Abile Chandler, Esquire, made a bequest "for the establishment and support of a permanent department or school of instruction in the college in the practical and useful arts of life." In 1893, by the joint action of the trustees of the college and the visitors of the Chandler School, that school was formally incorporated into the college, and is now known as the "Chandler Scientific Course," leading up to the degree of Bachelor of Science.

In 1866 the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts was established by an act of the Legislature of New Hampshire, deriving its funds from the Congressional land grant, and it was located at Hanover in connection with Dartmouth College. Its board of trustees was appointed partly by the Governor and Council, and partly by the Corporation of Dartmouth College. But in 1892 this arrangement was discontinued, and the Agricultural College was removed to Durham, and the buildings and lands which it had occupied were acquired by Dartmouth College.

The Thayer School of Civil Engineering, established in 1867 by the bequest of Sylvanus Thayer, is, in its essentials, a post-graduate school, covering a course of two years, and leading up to the degree of Civil Engineer. Its funds are in charge of the trustees of the college, but its affairs are managed by a board of overseers, which is a close corporation.

Chief Justice Joel Parker gave a large fund for the establishment of a law school, but the terms of his will were such that the funds were properly devoted to the establishment of a professorship of Law and Political Science in the regular curriculum of the college, and no school of law, as such, has been established.

During the last twenty-five years the college has received many bequests, some of them quite large, and many new college buildings, pictures of which appear on another page, have been erected.

The government of the college consists of twenty trustees, four of whom are elected by the alumni and eight of whom are *ex officio*—officers of the State government, being the Governor's Council, President of the Senate, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the Chief Justice.

The faculty consists of thirty full professors, with an ample corps of lecturers, tutors, and other instructors. The courses of study now pursued are the Classical, the Latin Scientific, and the Chandler Scientific.

In the last catalogue, recently issued, there appear the names of 86 Seniors, 76 Juniors, 65 Sophomores, and 120 Freshmen. At the Commencement in 1893 the Rev. William Jewett Tucker, D.D., LL.D., was inaugurated as president of the college. Unless the alumni and all the friends of the college are mistaken, his inauguration as president was also the inauguration of a new, enlarged, and most successful career for the college.

HORACE RUSSELL.

BOAT-RACES IN OTHER DAYS.

"And now to London all the crew are gone."
Third Part, Henry VI., Act II., Scene I.

THE University Boat-race is a comparatively modern institution, and aquatic sports generally in England are of more recent origin than are the other popular out-door recreations and amusements. Boats, however, are almost as old as the waters upon which they float, or as the man who floats them. In the early tombs of Egypt, dating back three thousand years before the coming of the Christ, are still to be found pictures of boats and of oars and of steering-gear, all of which are so far perfected as to prove that they must have existed, in some form and shape, many hundreds of years before. The early Britons certainly understood the use of boats; the Saxons are known to have been expert oarsmen; and Edgar, the king of all the English, is said to have been the coxswain of an eight-oared boat, rowed by eight oarsmen all of whom were kings. "At Chester, where he lived with more than kingly charge," sang Drayton, "eight tributary kings there rowed him in his barge."

One of the greatest and most famous, as it is perhaps the earliest, of the annual Boat-races on the Thames, is that which is rowed on the 1st of August for "Doggett's Coat and Badge." It began in 1715, the year after the accession of George I., and it will continue, no doubt, throughout the reign of George V. The competitors are six young watermen whose apprenticeship is about to end, and the course lies between the Old Swan at London Bridge and the White Swan at Chelsea, and is always against the tide.

Thomas Doggett was an Irishman, and a very popular comedian of his day. He was described by Colley Cibber as the most original of all his contemporaries on the stage, and the strictest observer of nature. He borrowed from no one, and he was imitated by many; he had remarkable skill in dressing his characters to exactness; he was very humorous, but he never carried his humor too far; and he was an ardent political admirer of the Hanoverian king, in honor of whom he instituted the race, leaving in his will a sum of money in trust for the purchase of the prizes, the coat to be of Hanoverian orange color, and the badge in the form of the Hanoverian White Horse.

> "And did you ne'er hear of a jolly young waterman,
> Who at Blackfriar's Bridge used for to ply?
> He feathered his oars with such skill and dexterity,
> Winning each heart and delighting each eye;"

and he was Tom Tug, the hero of Dibdin's *The Waterman*, who won Doggett's coat and badge and a wife at the same time. She blushed an answer to his wooing tale, and pinned the White Horse on the captured coat, as the curtain went down to the music of the familiar air.

There is, by-the-way, an original portrait of Doggett in the Garrick Club; and a small print of him will be found in George Daniel's *Merrie England*, published in 1842.

In the *Good Fellows' Calendar* for 1826 we read that on the 18th of August in the previous year "Mr. Kean, the performer," gave a prize wherry, which was rowed for by seven pair of oars. The course was "from Westminster Bridge round a boat moored near Lawn Cottage, and thence to the Red House at Battersea." This, on the part of the performer of the Nineteenth Century, was a direct imitation of the performer of the century before.

The English University Boat-races have been the subject of song and story for more than fifty years. They figure in history as well as in fiction, and they need but a passing word here. The first race, according to the younger Charles Dickens, in his *Dictionary of the Thames*, was rowed in 1836, when Cambridge won; the last was rowed in 1894, when Cambridge was badly beaten. Eight-oared boats, according to Mr. W. B. Woodgate, in "The Badminton Library," appeared at Eton before they found their way to Oxford, while at Cambridge they were introduced still later; and he tells us that in 1815 *Brazennose* won the first place on the river, the earliest record of a college boat-race. In *Bell's Life* in 1834 is a paragraph stating that the Head Master at Westminster had expressed himself as disapproving of his scholars rowing a match with Eton, on account of the intemperance and excesses to which such matters lead! Curiously enough, in the long and full accounts of the University Boat-races to be found in the Badminton history of boating, there is no allusion whatever to the International contest, held in August, 1869, between Oxford and Harvard, which excited so much enthusiasm on both sides of the Atlantic.

Although Mr. Dickens gives the history of the Oxford-Cambridge race as beginning in 1836, Mr. Bartholomew Lane, writing in *Notes and Queries*, April 13, 1878, quotes *Bell's Life* as saying that the "cutter" in which the Oxford men rowed the Cantabs in 1829 belonged to Balliol, and was built by King; and it will be interesting to rowing men to know that the Messrs. Salter of boating fame to-day are the direct successors of Davis and King. Mr. Lane adds some curious information about the cutters of his time. "My rowing recollections do not go back to 1829," he says, "but I remember racing-boats built not long after that time, and wondrous craft they were, compared with the swift and frail outriggers of the present. There used to be a gangway fastened along the thwarts from stroke to bow, and each man walked along this gangway, oar in hand, till he reached his proper place. Racing-boats were then much pinched in both bow and aft, but more so at bow's thwart than at stroke's. This made it rather hard lines for poor No. 1, for he had not only to contend against the disadvantage of keeping time and stroke with an oar shorter inboard than any of the others, and consequently very badly balanced, but he had to endure more than his fair share of scolding from the coxswain, whose great idea of the principles of rowing and steering in those prescientific days seemed to be that it was at least judicious to select for his severest censure the man who was farthest off from him." All students of the biographies of Mr. Tom Brown and of Mr. Verdant Green will remember the graphic accounts of life on the Isis and the Thames contained in those delightful works; and the illustrations which Mr. Cuthbert Bede affixed to his own volume will show what sort of a vehicle it was in which the crew of *Brazenface* bumped, and got bumped, only a few years ago; while a certain craft calling itself the *Sylph*, but known as a "tub" by all the boating-men, will be particularly remembered as giving Mr. Green great opportunities for crab-catching, and finally as half drowning that famous undergraduate in a very bewildering part of the river, which is still called "the Gut."

Although they had nothing to do with racing, the Water Pageants on the Thames were long a prominent feature in London high-life. A Lord Mayor who reigned in the city in the middle of the fifteenth century built the first grand barge of the municipality, and went to Westminster in it in 1453 or 1454. The liveried companies followed his example, and built magnificent vessels to attend their chief magistrate on these occasions, and for many years the watermen figured as a part of the Lord Mayor's Show, the Doggett heroes always wearing the trophies of their previous victories. Proud Anne Bullen went in state, by water, from Greenwich to the Tower before her coronation; and poor Anne Bullen went back to the Tower by the same silent highway to have her head cut off. Queen Elizabeth used to sail up and down the Thames in very grand style during her lifetime; and after her death, her body was brought with great pomp, by water, from Richmond to Whitehall, where at every stroke the oars did tears let fall, and fish under water, according to a contemporary poetical eulogy, wept out their eyes of pearl, and swum [*sic*] blind after. Her present Majesty is supposed to possess a state barge, although she has not used it since she went, by water, in 1849, to open the New Coal Exchanges in Lower Thames Street. The last great River Pageant likely to live in history was the public funeral of Nelson, when the hero was carried from Greenwich to Whitehall Stairs on his way to his last resting-place in the crypt of St. Paul's.

The Annual Regatta at Henley was not instituted until 1839; and the first idea of a regatta in England is said to have been stimulated by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's descriptions of a fête-day on the Grand Canal in Venice; and on the 23d of June, 1775, according to the London press of the period, the "smart" set appeared on the Thames in its best raiment and its finest company manners. The programme was submitted to the public a month before the event; and early in the afternoon the river from Millbank to London Bridge was crowded with pleasure boats of all sizes and of every description, and grand stands and small stands, gayly decorated with bunting, were erected wherever a view of the stream could be obtained. Ladies and gentlemen were asked to arrange their own parties, and all the City Companies loaned their barges for the occasion. The excitement was great, and two hundred thousand persons are estimated to have been on the water at one time. The avenue to Westminster Bridge was covered with booths, and with refreshment and gaming tables, constables guarded every approach to the river, and are said to have charged every individual who passed, sums ranging from a penny to half a crown, according to the rank and the appearance of the passer; while half a guinea is known to have been paid, more than once, for the simple right to stand on a coal-barge. The rowers were dressed in red, white, and blue uniforms, the ladies were requested to appear in white gowns, and the gentlemen in frock-coats, although without restrictions as to color. A salute of twenty-one guns announced the arrival of the Lord Mayor and the start of the procession, when they all proceeded to Ranelagh in what the special correspondents called a "picturesque irregularity." Supper and dancing followed in a temporary building erected for the purpose; the festivities did not break up until morning; many boats were overturned on the way home, and seven persons were drowned. It was a wild night!

LAURENCE HUTTON.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER X.

"THE ELDER BRANCH."

IN the heated discussions at Grainger's of the demerits of the painters of the day, no one ever mentioned the name of Strang except once, and then the Christian name was not Matthew. Matthew did not like to bring up the name himself, as it was his own, but he soon understood that artists do not keep shops, and recalling Madam Strang's remark about her husband, he gradually came to the conviction that his namesake was the dethroned god of an earlier day, discouraged into sterility and commerce by the indifference of the younger generation. And as the deity loomed less terrible, and as Matt felt himself more at home in the art atmosphere of England, so the idea of making himself known to his uncle began to be shorn of its terrors, and even to be tinged with the generous thought of inspiring the neglected artist to fresh work—an inversion of attitude, the humor of which did not occur to him.

But when one afternoon he did betake himself again to the elegant emporium in Oxford Street, and found himself face to face with the dapper young gentleman and his horseshoe cravat pearl, the old awe of the refinement radiating from every quarter of the compass overwhelmed him, and his tongue refused to ask for Mr. Strang, compromising by a happy thought in the demand for madam. Madam appeared forthwith, flashing upon him a sense of matronly sweetness and silk, and snatching him from the embarrassment of openings by exclaiming, in her charming accent,

"Ah, you've come for your change."

"What change?" asked Matt.

"You left threepence halfpenny on the counter. I noted it down."

"It is very kind of you," said Matt. "I had no idea you would remember me all this time."

"I never forget clever people," said madam, with an enchanting smile.

"How do you know I'm clever?" Matt smiled back.

Madam waved away the question with her plump white hand in silent smiling reaffirmation. "I've always lived with clever people," she said, simply. "Talent is the only thing I admire in this world."

Matt said lamely that he was glad to hear it; the phrase was a poor expression of his pleasure in at last meeting a soul with his own ideals.

"Where was it you saw my husband's pictures?" asked madam, eagerly.

Matt flushed. "I didn't see any," he confessed. "My father told me about them."

"Where did your father see them?"

"At home—when they were boys together."

"What! They were school-fellows!"

"Brothers," said Matt, and felt the instant relief of criminal confession.

Madam uttered a little cry of delighted astonishment, and took Matt's hands in hers.

"My dear sir—my dear sir!" she cried, shaking them. "I knew you were clever. Come inside—come inside. Why didn't you say who you were last time? You are the boy who wrote to Matthew from Nova Scotia years ago! What a pity he is out! He will be so charmed."

And still holding his hands, she led him into a daintily furnished sitting-room, resplendent with pictures, and sat him down in a soft arm-chair, and hung admiringly over him, and plied him with inquiries as to his past and his projects and things Nova Scotian (without always waiting for an answer, or ever getting more than a brief generality), and rang for claret and cake, which were brought in by a pretty girl in a piquant white cap, but which Matt refused for fear of seeming to be in want of refreshment.

"I have a son who is also an artist—oh, so clever, the dear boy!" she told him. "You must know him—you will love each other. He is at work now in his studio, but he must not be interrupted till the light fails."

Matt's eyes kindled. "I shall like to know him," he cried, fervently.

"Yes—dear Herbert! Oh, you've no idea how sweet and good and clever he is! He's twenty-three, yet as obedient as a child. We're so proud of him—his father and I. He quite consoles us for the failure of the English to appreciate Matthew's work."

"Oh, where can I see uncle's work?" asked Matt, eagerly.

Madam shook her head sadly. "Oh, he parted with all his pictures ever so many years ago," she said.

"But aren't they exhibited anywhere?"

"We don't know. They must be some day, if they are not destroyed, for they are so clever. But the fact is—though of course I wouldn't tell it to a stranger—we had to—to—pawn them, and they were never redeemed, and poor Matthew never would paint again, he was so embittered. Oh, it was such a slow sad struggle, those early days of our married life. For years no one would buy poor Matthew's work, and when the money he had brought from Nova Scotia gave out we should have starved if I had not started a little dressmaker's shop. They still call me madame," she interpolated, with a melancholy smile.

"But you *are* French, aren't you?" said Matt, thrilling with the pathos of those far-away struggles.

"Yes, my parents were French, but I have spoken English almost from girlhood."

"There is French blood in our family too," murmured Matt, with a sad recollection of his mother. He wondered what she was doing at the moment.

"Indeed? Perhaps that was what drew me to Matthew—that and his artistic genius. Poor Matthew!"

"But you are well off now?" said Matt, dubiously.

"Oh, we are rich. We have all we want. When my dressmaker's business grew prosperous—in fact, quite a fashionable resort—Matthew, who could not bear to be out of touch with art, though he had sworn never to paint again, saw his way to dealing in pictures. Of course he makes far more than any of his artist friends who succeeded, but that does not console me for the pictures the world has lost."

"But why doesn't he paint now that he has money?" inquired Matt.

"He says he's too old," said madam, sighing. "And besides, he thinks he'd only be eclipsed by Herbert. Of course Herbert is exceptionally gifted; he took the prize, you know, for the cartoon of a draped figure, and he has had advantages which were denied to his poor father. But still, it makes me cry to think of how he sinks himself in the dear boy, not caring a jot about his own reputation. Oh, there are few such fathers, I can tell you. I don't know what I had done to deserve such a husband, I who have no cleverness or talent of any kind."

And here, as at his cue, Matthew Strang entered, in a soft hat and a black cloak strangely like Tarmigan's, though his Vandyck beard gave him the greater artistic distinction. He leant slightly upon a gnarled walking-stick.

Madam sprang up to meet him in the doorway. "Oh, Matthew!" she cried, ecstatically, "the young man who wanted to see you is your own nephew. And he is come to study art. And won't it be delightful for Herbert to have a companion? I made him wait for you—I knew you wouldn't be long." And radiant beneath her cap, madam stepped aside as if to leave the stage free for the rapturous embrace between the uncle and his long-lost nephew. But Matthew Strang stood rigid with astonishment, only his eyes moving in startled examination of the young man, who had risen respectfully.

For an interval of seconds that seemed numerable in minutes he looked at Matt without speaking, leaning on his stick, his saturnine face growing momently darker.

"Davie's son, I suppose," he said, slowly, at last.

"Yes, sir," said Matt.

"H'm! I might have seen it. So you have come to England, after all."

"Yes, sir. But not till I had the money for my studies."

Matthew Strang's face lightened a little. "Sit down! Sit down! No need to stand," he said, with uneasy graciousness, placing his disengaged hand on Matt's shoulder. "And how are all your folks?"

"Oh, they're pretty spry, thank you," said Matt, resuming his chair.

"Let me see—your mother married again, didn't she?"

Matt nodded.

"She's still alive, I suppose?"

"Ye-es," faltered Matt.

"And how's the Province?"

"It's about the same," said Matt, vaguely.

"Ha!" said Mr. Strang, with an all-comprehending air. He allowed madam to divest him lovingly of his cloak. Then he said, "You're settled in London, then?"

"I shall stay here some time."

"Humph! You're not like your father. He could never stay in one place. Well, well, I'm sure I wish you success, but you know it's not an easy line you've gone into."

"So you wrote to me, sir."

"Ha! Well, I wrote the truth."

"I was much obliged to you, sir, for your advice," said Matt, sincerely.

But the elder man, suspecting sarcasm, replied half-defiantly: "There's not one man in a thousand that makes his bread and butter by it. Why, I've just bought a picture from an A.R.A. for fifty pounds; it's worth treble. You would have done better at your farm—or was it a saw-mill?"

"It isn't the money I was thinking of, sir; it's the joy of painting."

"Hum! I talked like that once." Matthew Strang sat down rather peevishly and crossed his legs.

"And you talk like that now, too," said madam, with gentle reproach. "Not for yourself," she corrected, hastily, as his eyebrows took their interrogative attitude; "but you know you don't care if Herbert doesn't make money for years, so long as he makes a reputation eventually."

"Herbert is in a different position. He doesn't need to earn anything."

"Nor does your nephew," said madam. "He has ample resources," he tells me.

Matt blushed at madam's unconscious magnification of his curt statement on the point, but he did not think it worth while contradicting her.

Matthew uncrossed his legs restlessly. "I suppose your mother married a well-to-do man?"

"Yes—pretty well-to-do," Matt stammered.

"Why didn't you say who you were at first?"

"I didn't like to. I—I remembered you had advised me not to come to England."

"Well, the mischief was done; you might just as well have spoken. I might have given you some advice. By-the-way, what made you address your letter to the National Gallery?"

Matt colored. "I thought all the London painters lived there," he said, with an uneasy smile.

Madam laughed heartily. "Why, Matthew only got it through an official inquiring among the people copying pictures there. One of them happened to be a customer of ours, and suggested trying us."

"Yes, it was all boyish foolishness," said Matt.

"And where are you living, now that you have come?" said his uncle.

"Not far from here—in a turning of Oxford Street," he added, hastily. "I can bring you some of my work if you like."

"Oh yes, do. Won't that be charming!" interjected madam, clapping her hands.

Matthew checked her with a stern glance. "I don't think I should be able to do anything with an unknown man," he said, shaking his head.

"No I don't mean that," said Matt, getting hot. "I thought you might like to see that I wasn't quite a duffer. I don't expect to sell my work yet, but they think I'm rather promising at the school—"

"What school? Who thinks?"

"Tarmigan."

"Tarmigan!" echoed Matthew Strang. "Why, I could have picked up one of his water-colors for a fiver last week. Tarmigan has been going down steadily for the last four years. He took the gold medal at the Academy, and at first promised well. Ten years ago I even meditated a corner in him, but luckily I had the sense to sell out in time, before it was quite certain he would never be even an Associate. No wonder he's reduced to visiting."

"Then, don't you think I'm doing any good studying under him?" said Matt, in affright.

"Oh, he's all right for teaching; I haven't a word against him. He's one of the few men in England who are supposed to know their trade. But he's too stilted and classical; there's no sentiment in him; he don't touch the heart of the buying public. It's all science and draughtsmanship, and he won't do anything to meet the market half-way."

"It's spunky of him to stick to his convictions, anyhow," said Matt, in low tones, with a recrudescent enthusiasm for Tarmigan, who had recently been weighing upon him like a nightmare.

"Bah! and how does he know his convictions are right? The public's the best judge of art."

"Oh!" said Matt, deprecatingly. "Should you really think that's so?"

"Of course I think so. Would the public have *me?* No. And the public was right." He looked at Matt half fiercely, as if defying him to deny it. Madam was smiling and shaking her head. "The public's always right," he went on, emphatically. "It's the critics that throw the market into perpetual confusion. Such a babel of voices all laying down what is right and what is wrong, what is art and what is not art, that it's enough to drive a dealer crazy. For my part, I steer by the Academy; that's my polestar, and I'm rarely out, for that's what the public take their reckoning by. And it's an R.A. that my boy is going to be, please God, for theories may go, but the Academy goes on forever!"

"Dear Herbert!" murmured madam.

"I suppose he's awfully advanced," said Matthew, wistfully.

"Years ago he took the prize for the best cartoon from the draped figure. He's just finishing his course at the Academy Schools. And you know you can't even begin that without being clever."

"No, of course not," said Matt, with a shrinking of heart, for he had by this time studied the prospectus of the national art-schools and been dismayed, not so much by the anatomical information and technical expertness demanded at the entrance competition as by the slow-dragging septennial course, the drudgery of still-life and perspective and drapery and copies of old masters, and all the tedious grind of convention. "I thought of trying to get in myself, but I'm afraid I shall have to give up the idea."

"Oh, Herbert only drops in there now and then," said Matthew, with a superior air. "He works mostly at home with his own models."

Matt had a pang of envy.

"And then he has always had the benefit of your experience," he said.

"Oh, I can't pretend to have done more than encourage him."

"Now, Matthew," said madam, shaking her finger fondly, "you know it was at your knee that he made his first studies."

Matthew smiled faintly, not displeased. "I'm like Tarmigan: I can teach better than I can paint," he said, and poured himself out a glass of the wine, fascinating Matt's eye by the play of light in the diamond on his forefinger. "If I listened to my wife I should give up business and set up an easel again, as in my young and foolish days. Thank God!" he said, pausing to gulp down the claret, "I had sense to stop in time. What could be expected of a young man who'd lived on a farm in a God-forsaken country? Ah, your father was right! He never would allow any merit to my ships or cows."

Red sands flitted before Matt's vision, with lambent pools, and overhead a diaphanous rosy vapor, beyond which brooded the vast cloudless circle of the sky. Ah, God! why was the sky so blue and depthless in those days? As from dim far-away caverns the acrid voice of the picture-dealer reached his ears in unctuous exposition:

"It's all training, and if you don't get trained young, you might as well attempt to fly."

Becoming conscious of a silence, Matt murmured, "That's so."

"It's the same with music," went on his uncle, tapping impressively on his wineglass with his glittering forefinger. "You can't expect a grown-up man to sit down and practise scales like a little girl in a pinafore; and even if he would, his fingers have lost their suppleness, his joints are set. I saw this clearly, and was determined my boy shouldn't suffer as I'd done. Why, Herbert had a brush put into his hand before he could write!"

Matt's heart sank lower. "I should like to see his work," he said, anxiously.

"Ha!" said Matthew, a complacent smile hovering about his lips.

"Oh yes, let him see Herbert's work," pleaded madam.

"I don't think we ought to disturb him," said Matthew, yieldingly. "Won't you take another glass of wine?"

"No, thank you, sir," said Matt, who was quite faint, for his dinner had been of the slightest; and feeling the request a signal to take his leave, he rose.

"Oh yes, do let him see them," said madam, hurriedly. "It's only for once."

"Oh, well, as you're a sort of a relation," said the father, imposingly. "But I make it a point not to interrupt him. These hours are precious. There's not too much light at the best of times, and the afternoons are drawing in." And as if following Matt's impulse, he rose and turned doorwards.

"There's no need for you to trouble, Josephine," he said, waving her back.

As they mounted the soft-carpeted staircase, in which undraped marble statues looked down from their niches, he explained, gravely, "There's a male model up there, you see."

Matt nodded, awed to silence by the splendor of the staircase, up which he toiled side by side with the Vandyck beard and the velvet coat.

"Herbert, of course, uses the side door," vouchsafed his companion, graciously, to relieve the monotony of the long ascent. "I couldn't have his models coming through the shop."

Matt murmured something negative, but his reply was lost in a dull thud from above. The elder man cleared the remaining stairs in alarm and threw open the door.

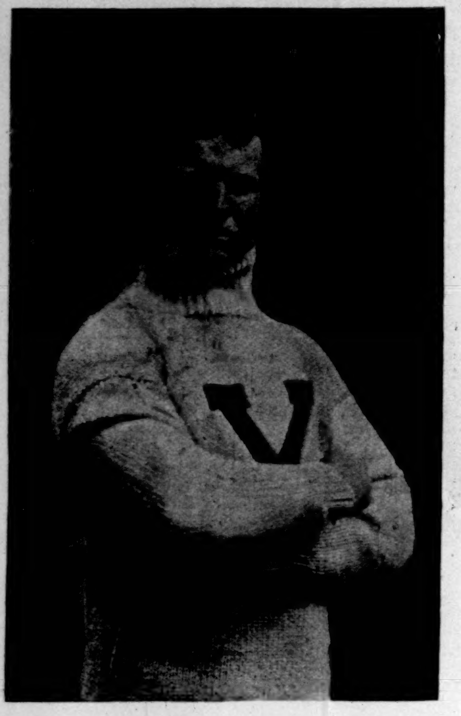
"Give us a hand up, you beggar," a piping girlish voice was saying.

On the rich carpet of the vast elegant studio, whose glories dazzled Matt's vision, a slim young man was sprawling on his back. Over him was a stalwart figure, clad only in boxing-gloves.

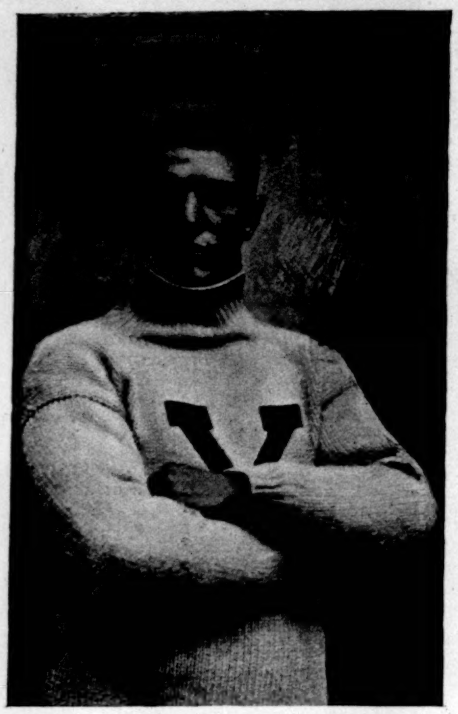
The saturnine picture-dealer rushed forward and helped his boy up.

"It's all right, dad," said Herbert, in unembarrassed amusement as he was scrambling to his feet. "I just wanted to give the model's arms a little movement during the rest. The position's so difficult for him, I haven't been able to get

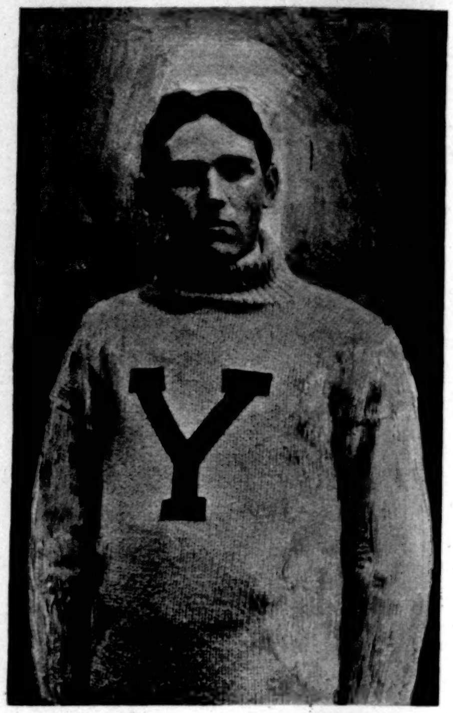
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.



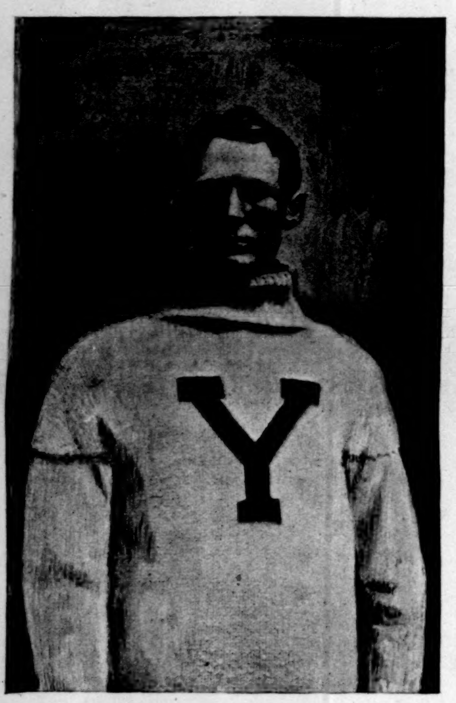
A. ARMSTRONG, '95, S.—Bow.
Age, 20 years. Weight, 158 pounds.



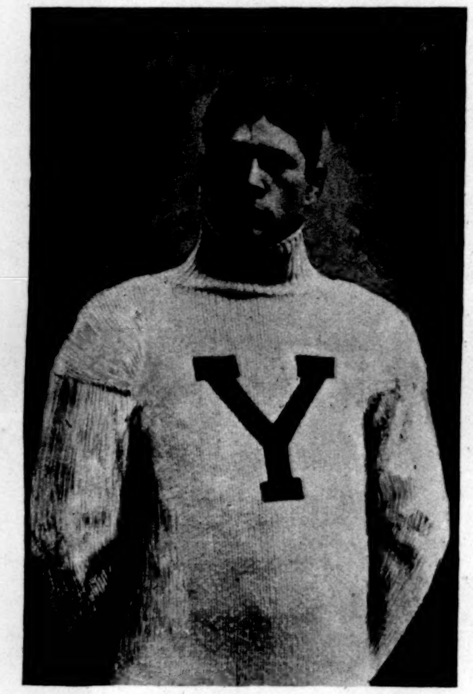
H. C. HOLCOMB, '96.—No. 2.
Age, 21 years. Weight, 175 pounds.



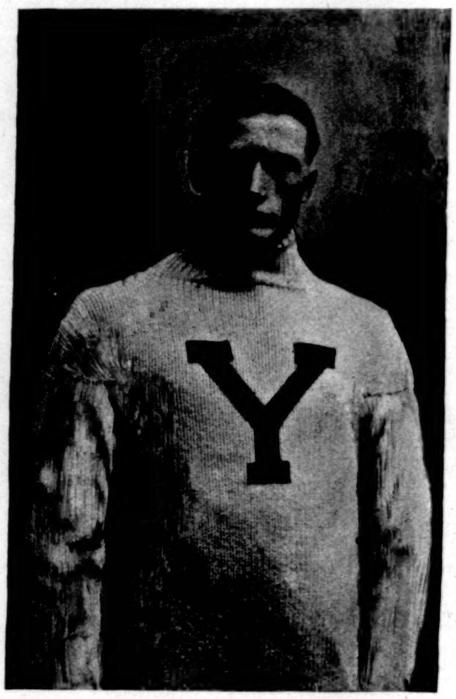
W. M. BEARD, '96.—No. 3.
Age, 18 years. Weight, 170 pounds.



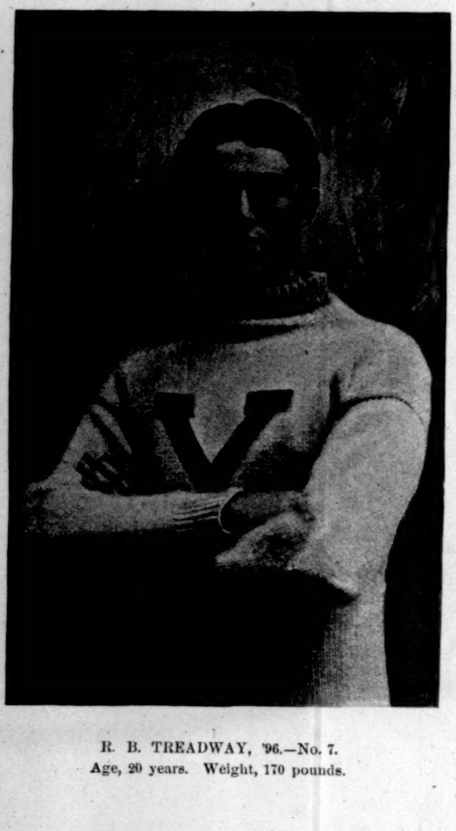
A. P. ROGERS, '94, S.—No. 4.
Age, 20 years. Weight, 165 pounds.



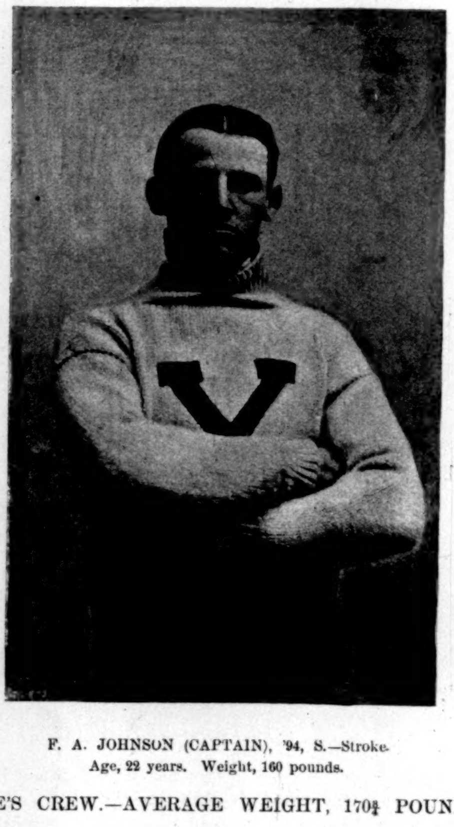
A. W. DATER, '95, S.—No. 5.
Age, 21 years. Weight, 178 pounds.



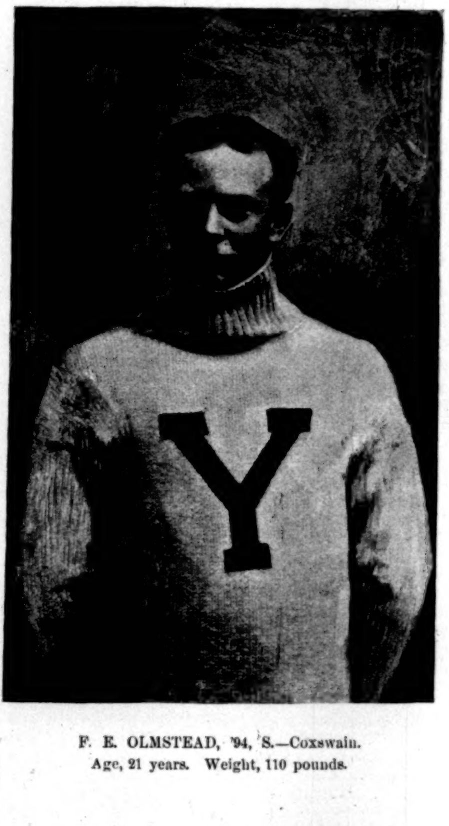
W. R. CROSS, '96.—No. 6.
Age, 19 years. Weight, 190 pounds.



R. B. TREADWAY, '96.—No. 7.
Age, 20 years. Weight, 170 pounds.



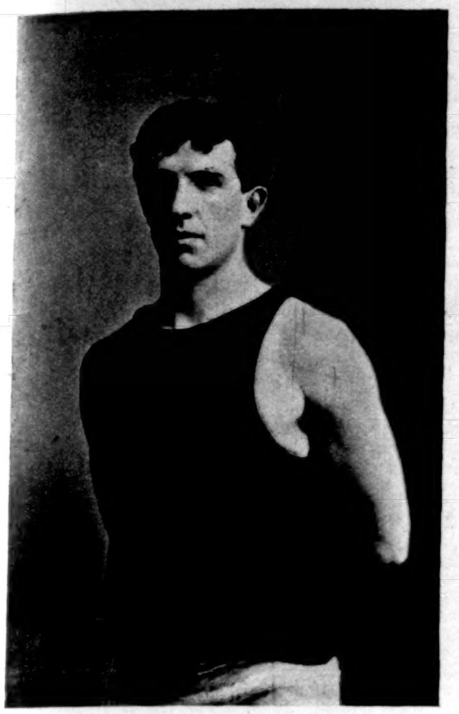
F. A. JOHNSON (CAPTAIN), '94, S.—Stroke.
Age, 22 years. Weight, 160 pounds.

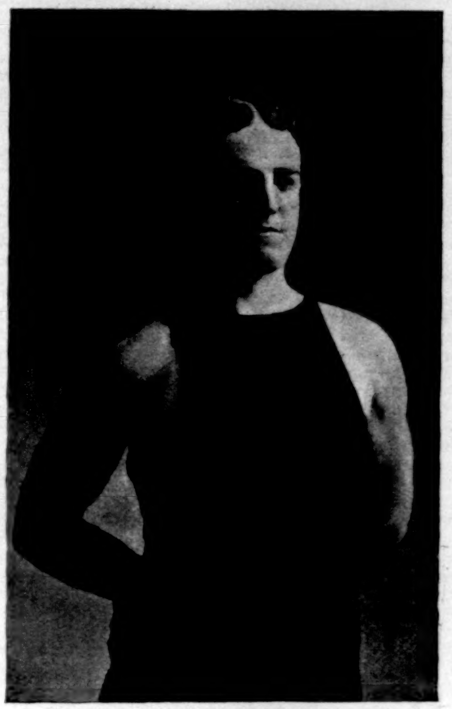


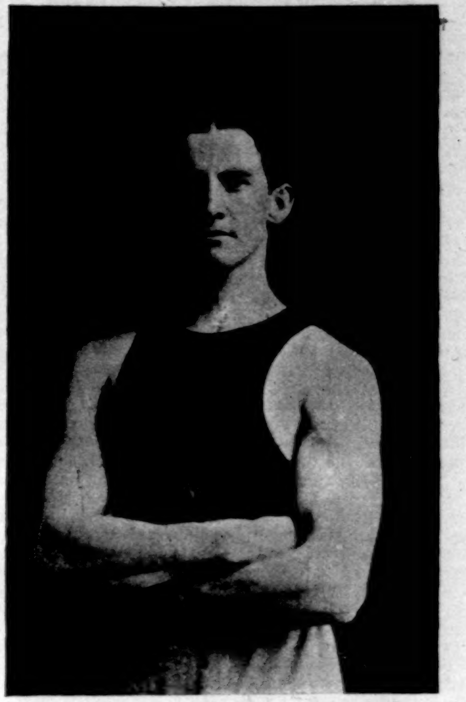
F. E. OLMSTEAD, '94, S.—Coxswain.
Age, 21 years. Weight, 110 pounds.

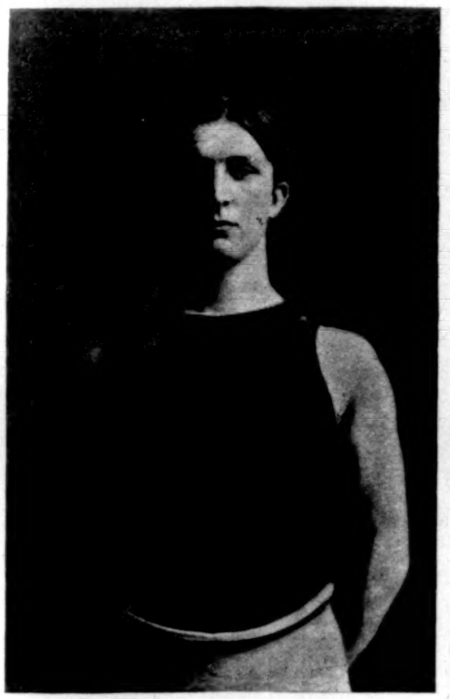
YALE'S CREW.—AVERAGE WEIGHT, 170¾ POUNDS.

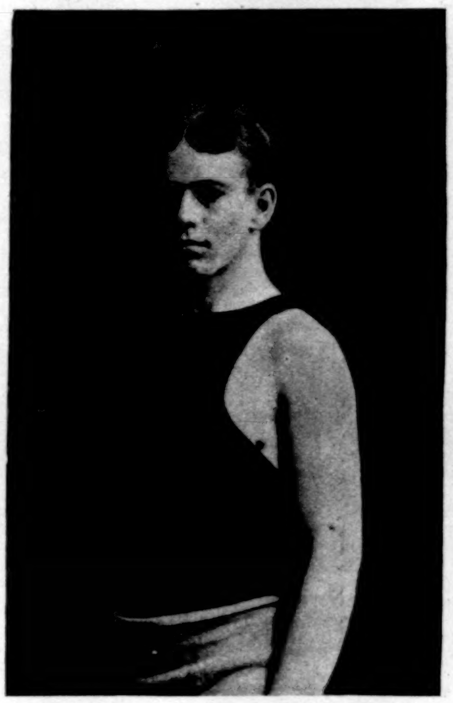
THE HARVARD-YALE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE ON THE TH

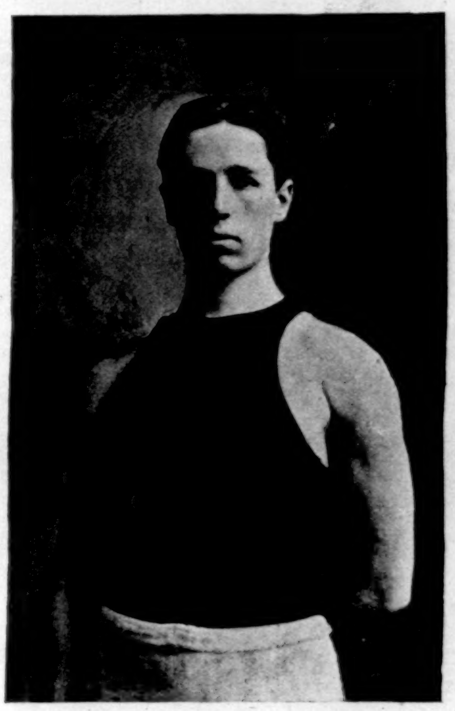

J. PURDON, '95.—Bow.
Age, 22 years. Weight, 154 pounds.

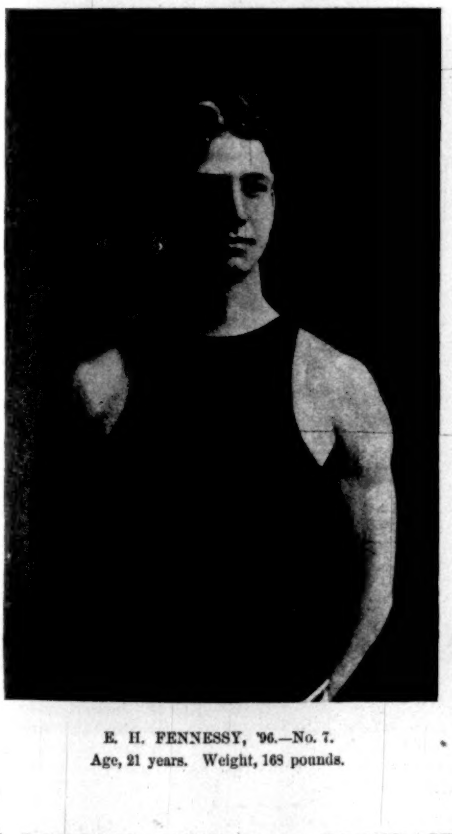

J. R. BULLARD, '96.—No. 2.
Age, 20 years. Weight, 159 pounds.

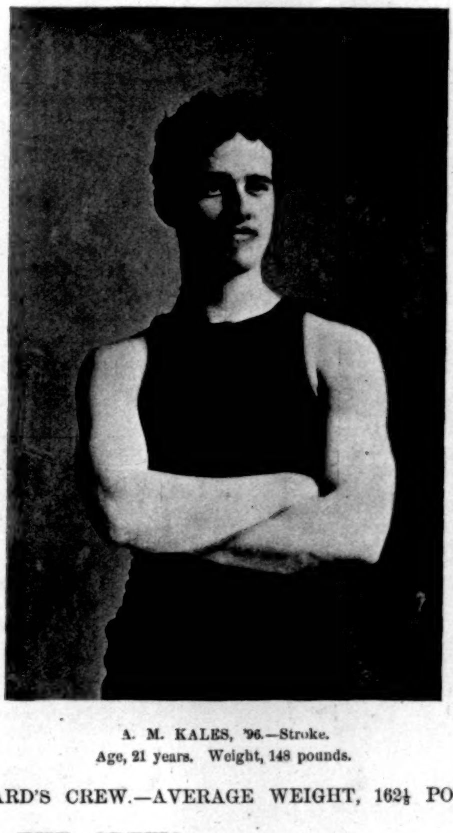

K. H. LEWIS, '96.—No. 3.
Age, 20 years. Weight, 159 pounds.


R. M. TOWNSEND, '96.—No. 4.
Age, 19 years. Weight, 159 pounds.


T. G. STEVENSON, '96.—No. 5.
Age, 20 years. Weight, 174 pounds.


L. DAVIS (CAPTAIN), '94.—No. 6.
Age, 22 years. Weight, 176 pounds.


E. H. FENNESSY, '96.—No. 7.
Age, 21 years. Weight, 168 pounds.


A. M. KALES, '96.—Stroke.
Age, 21 years. Weight, 148 pounds.

E. B. DAY, '96.—Coxswain.
Weight, 107 pounds.

HARVARD'S CREW.—AVERAGE WEIGHT, 162⅛ POUNDS.

NEW LONDON, JUNE 28TH—PORTRAITS OF THE CREWS.

the thing right all day. Look, there's nothing at all on the canvas; I've had to paint it out."

The model had, somewhat shamefacedly, taken off his gloves and struck an attitude upon the throne.

"Ha!" said Matthew Strang, in vague accents. "You ought to be getting on faster with those studies. You don't want to be driven to botch the picture. I've brought you a visitor."

Herbert turned his face towards the door—the handsome glowing face of a boy, beardless and clean-shaven, with candid blue eyes and tumbled flaxen hair, and the flash of white teeth accustomed to display themselves in laughter. There was his father's interrogative mark about the arched eyebrows as he caught sight of Matt hanging back timidly on the threshold.

The young Nova-Scotian's heart was leaden, his soul wrapped in a gloom that had been gathering blackness ever since he had set foot in his uncle's shop, and which the sight of the commodious studio, with its rich properties and luxurious appliances, its crimson lounges and silk drapings and fleecy rugs and gleaming marbles and bronzes, had darkened into despair. The penurious past surged back to him through a suffusion of unshed tears—tears that were salt with the sense of injustice and of sorrows unforgettable, all the creeping irremediable years contributing their quintessence to the bitterness of this supreme moment—the chances he had missed, the lessons he had not received, the obstacles that had rather sprung up to beat him back, whose infant fingers no loving hand had ever guided, whose boyish yearnings no word of encouragement had ever sweetened, whose youth had been all distasteful labors and mean tragedies and burdens too great to bear, and whose very triumph would find none to sympathize with him if it came—as it never could come to one so untrained, so alien from the world of art and elegant studios and all the soft things of life; driven to the scum of the streets for models at a few pence an hour, and reduced to studying attitudes from his own contortions before a bleared strip of mirror in a dingy back room; unregarded, uncared for, unknown, an atom in that vast magic-gleaming London which had so cruelly disillusioned him, and in which even the one heart in which his own blood beat was cold and far away; his poor pre-eminence at Grainger's, his primacy among a set of duffers, no augury of success in that fierce struggle in which Tarmigan himself had gone to the wall. Was it worth while to vex himself endlessly, swirled to and fro like a bubble on an ocean? were it not sweeter to break and to be resolved into the vastness and the silence?

His right hand wandered towards his hip pocket, where his pistol lay. How good to be done with life! Then he became aware through a semitransparent mist that the gracious blond boy was holding out his hand with a frank smile, and instinct drew out his own right hand in amicable response, and so the temptation was over.

His uncle must have said words to which he had been deaf, for Herbert seemed to know who he was.

"Welcome, fair coz," he said, gripping Matt's hand heartily. "I feel as if I were in Shakespeare. A moment ago I scarcely remembered I had a relation in the world. Confound it! why weren't you a girl cousin while you were about it?"

"Herbert, don't be rude," said his father.

Herbert elevated his blond eyebrows. "I wish you would cultivate a sense of humor, dad," he observed, wearily. Matt, who was responding to his grip, fascinated instantly by the boyish sunny charm, loosed his clasp in sheer astonishment at the transition.

Matthew Strang disregarded his son's observation, but gruffly told the model, whose attitudinizing immobility was irritating, that he need not pose for a moment or two, whereupon Herbert bade him begone altogether. "I've been off color all day," he observed, explanatorily, as he counted out the model's silver, "but the excitement of discovering I am not alone in the world is the finishing touch."

Matthew threw a rather reproachful look at Matt, whose eyes drooped guiltily. He raised them immediately after, however, in accordance with his uncle's instructions, to admire a pastel of "Penelope" which hung on the wall. The coloring struck him agreeably, though he found a certain feebleness in the drawing which was equally agreeable to his jealous mood. This not displeasing impression was borne out by the other pictures and sketches to which his uncle besought his admiration; always this facile poetic coloring and this indifferent draughtsmanship, this suggestion of difficulties shirked rather than of difficulties overcome; at last seen to be due to the conventional composition, most of the studies, whether in chalk or water-color or oil, being pretty landscapes or single-figure studies in simple attitudes, or, when complicated by other figures, embracing episodes which seemed to have been transferred direct from other pictures which Matt had seen either in the originals or in engravings. To his astonishment, Herbert, who had been yawning widely, drew his attention to one such little bit.

"That's a quotation from Millais," he said.

Matt looked puzzled at the phrase.

"Cribbing, the unwise call it," explained Herbert, "but I call it quotation. When a great writer hits off a phrase it passes into the language, and when a great painter hits off a new effect of technique or gets a happy grouping I contend it belongs to the craft as much as the primitive tricks of scumbling or glazing. The old masters borrowed unblushingly, but we are such sticklers for originality, which, after all, only means plagiarizing nature. Didn't Raphael crib his composition from Orcagna, and Michael Angelo copy Masaccio, and Poussin sneak one of Michael Angelo's figures? Why, in the Academy at Venice I saw—"

"Have you been to Venice?" cried Matt, eagerly.

"Herbert has been to all the galleries of Europe," said his father, impressively. "We travel abroad every year. It's part of the education of a painter. Velasquez and Titian can scarcely be known by one who has not been in Madrid; and the man who is ignorant of the treasures of the Louvre, or of the Uffizi at Florence—where," he interpolated with simulated facetiousness, laying his hand on Herbert's shoulder, "I hope to see my boy's portrait painted by his own hand, one day—"

"Look at this queer stone scarab," interrupted Herbert, impatiently. "I picked it up in Egypt; comes from inside a mummy-case."

"Egypt!" The word fell like music on Matt's ears. The rose light of romance illumined the uncouth beetle. Herbert hastened to exhibit his other curios—coins, medals, cameos, scarfs, yataghans, lacquer-work, pottery, ivories, with a cursive autobiographical commentary, passing rapidly to another object whenever his father threatened to take up the thread of autobiography.

And as Matt handled these picturesque trophies of travel, that wafted into the studio the aroma of foreign bazars, the wave of hopelessness resurged, swamping even the fresh hopefulness engendered by the discovery that his cousin's craftsmanship was not so far beyond his hand after all—all those marvellous far-off Old World places that had disengaged themselves from his lonely readings, fair mirages thrown upon a phantasmal sky, not vaguely, but with the sensuous definiteness of a painter's vision, jostling one another like the images in a shaken kaleidoscope in an atmosphere of romantic poetry: Venice, dreaming on its waters in an enchanted moonlight; Paris, all life and light; Spain, with cathedrals and gypsies and cavaliers tinkling guitars; Sicily, with gray olive-trees and sombre cypresses and terraced gardens and black-eyed peasant women with red snoods; the Rhine, haunted by nixies and robber chiefs, meandering 'twixt crumbling castles perched on wooded crags; Egypt, with its glow and color, all lotus blossoms and bulrushes and crocodiles and jasper idols, and burnoosed Arabs galloping on silken chargers in a land of sand and sphinxes and violet shadows; the Indies, east of the sun and west of the moon, full of palm-trees and nautch-girls and bayaderes; a shifting panorama of strange exotic cities, steeped in romance and history and sunshine and semi-barbarian splendors, where the long desolation of his native winter never came, nor the clammy vapors of Britain—cities of splendid dream where anything might happen and nothing could seem unreal, where adventure waited masked at every street corner and love waved a white hand from every lattice, and peerless houris, ripe in womanhood, passed over moon-silvered waters in gliding caïques, or showed dark starry eyes behind the lattice-work of verandas, or wandered, divinely beautiful, in dim rose gardens at twilight under a crescent moon rising faint and ghostly behind a grove of cedars. And in a flood of sadness, that had yet something delicious in it, he pitied himself for having been cut off from all these delectable experiences, which the happier Herbert had so facilely enjoyed.

"I know you are bored, father," said Herbert, pausing amid his exposition. "You want to get back to business, and Matt and I want to yarn."

Matt's bitterness was soothed. It thrilled him to be called Matt by this rich, refined, travelled young gentleman.

"Well, good-by, my young friend," said his uncle, holding out his hand for the first time. "I dare say I shall see you again. Ha! Drop in any time you're passing. I think your mother will be wanting you presently, Herbert."

He moved to the door, then paused, and turning his head uneasily, said, "And if you ever want any advice, you know, don't hesitate to ask me." And with a faint friendly nod of his Vandyck beard he went out, closing the door carefully behind him.

"Awful bore, the governor," said Herbert, stretching his arms. "He never knows when he's *de trop*."

Matt did not know what *de trop* was, except when he saw it printed, but the disrespectful tone jarred upon him.

"You owe him a good deal, it seems to me," he replied, simply.

"Hullo, hullo, my young Methodist parson!" and Herbert threw back his head in a ringing laugh which made his white teeth gleam gayly. "Why, do you think we owe anything to our parents? They didn't marry to oblige us. I am only a tool for his ambitions."

"What do you mean?" murmured Matt.

"Oh, well, I oughtn't to talk about it, perhaps, but you're my first cousin, the first cousin I've ever had"—Matt smiled, fascinated afresh—"and, after all, it's an open secret that he wants the name of Strang to live in the annals of painting—if it couldn't be Matthew Strang, it must be Herbert Strang, and so he belongs to the artists' clubs. They dare not blackball him, because the committee always owes him money and wants to sell him pictures, but I dare say they laugh at him behind his back when he jaws to them about art in general and my talents in particular. It's confoundedly annoying. Oh, I've been forgetting to smoke. What can be the matter with me?" And he pulled out a lizard-skin case, from which Matt, not liking to refuse, drew forth a cigarette.

"But what good does he do by belonging to those clubs?" he asked.

"Oh, he likes it, for one thing," replied Herbert, striking a match and holding it to Matt's cigarette. "My belief is he only went into the picture business to rub shoulders with artists, though where the charm comes in I have never been able to find out, for a duller, more illiterate set of fellows I never wish to meet. And then, of course, it's good for business. But in the background lurks, I feel sure, the idea of advancing my interests, of accumulating back-stairs influence, of pulling the ropes that shall at last lift me into the proud position of R.A. Nay, who knows?" he said, puffing out his first wreath of smoke—"president of the Royal Academy!" And he laughed melodiously.

"Well, but—" began Matt, inhaling the delicious scent of the tobacco.

"Well, *but*," echoed Herbert. "That's just it. My tastes are not considered in the matter at all. Art! art! art! Nothing but art rammed down my throat till I'm sick of the sight of canvas. I was a connoisseur in my cradle, and sucked a maul-stick instead of a monkey-on-a-stick, and I live in the midst of art and out of the profits of it. It's pictures, pictures everywhere, and not a— Oh, have a brandy and soda, won't you? Don't stand about as if you were going."

Matt obediently dropped upon a lounge that yielded deliciously to his pressure. The fragrant smoke curled about his face, while his cousin made pleasant play with popping corks and gurgling liquids.

"But don't you really like painting?" he asked, in astonishment.

"I like some things in it well enough," replied Herbert, "but it's such beastly drudgery. All this wretched copying of models is no better than photography. And a camera would do the thing in a thousandth part of the time. I always work from photographs when I can."

"But is that artistic?" said Matt, slightly shocked.

"It's the only thing worthy of the artist's dignity. The bulk of art is journeyman's work. Besides, lots of 'em do it nowadays, with magic lanterns to boot. Because one man by a fluke happens to be a better drawing-machine than another, is he to be counted the greater artist?" Matt felt small before this answer to his secret criticism. "Did you ever see the camera-obscura at the Crystal Palace? That does landscapes in a jiffy that we should go messing over for months. And then think of the looking-glass! They talk of Rembrandt and Franz Hals. I'll back a bedroom mirror to put more life into its portraits than either of 'em. Why, if some process were invented, a sort of magic mirror to fix the image, living and colored in the glass—here's luck!"—he clinked his glass against Matt's—"the governor would have to shut up shop."

"Yes, but the mirror hasn't got any imagination," urged Matt, setting down his glass refreshed, the glow of brandy in his throat lending added intellectual charm to the discussion.

"Oh, I don't know. There are distorting mirrors," said Herbert, laughing. "But you are quite right. Art is selection—nature *à travers d'un tempérament*. Art is autobiography. But painting, which somehow monopolizes the name of art, is really the lowest form of art. Nature is full of scenes quite as good as art. Doesn't Ruskin say an artist has got to copy nature? But is there anything in nature so closely akin to a poem, or to Ruskin's own prose, or to a symphony of Beethoven, as a moonlit sea or a beautiful woman is to a picture? What is the skylark's song compared to Shelley's or the music of the sea to Beethoven's? The real creation is in the other arts, which are called literature and music. They are an addition to nature—something extra. Painting and acting—these are mere reduplications of nature. Perhaps I was unfair to painting. That at least fixes the beauty of nature, but acting is merely an evanescent imitation of the temporary."

The younger man sat half bewildered beneath this torrent of words and quotations; the respect Herbert had lost in his eyes by his draughtsmanship (a trifling matter under Herbert's disdainful analysis) returning, multiplied to reverence, and with a fresh undercurrent of humility and envy. How much there was to know in the world, how many languages and books and arts! How could he mix with Herbert and his set without being found out?

"That's why I prefer literature and music," said Herbert. "But then I'm not my own master, like you—you lucky beggar. If I had my way, pictures would be nothing but color schemes, sheer imagination, with no relation to truth of Nature. What do I care how her shadows fall, if they don't fall gracefully? And then why must my lines imitate Nature's? That's where the Japanese are so great. Don't smoke that fag-end! Have another!" And he threw his cigarette-case across to his magnetized listener. It was the first time in his hard busy existence Matt had ever heard any one talk like a book, discussing relations of art and life.

"I wish I knew as much as you," he said, naïvely.

"I wish I was as free as you," retorted Herbert, laughingly. "Though I certainly wouldn't employ my liberty as you do. What in heaven's name made you want to study art? I did laugh when the governor told the mater of your letter. I was just in the roughest grind, and felt like writing you on the sly to warn you."

"I don't think I should have taken your advice," said Matt, with an embarrassed laugh.

"But what made you come to London, anyhow. Why didn't you go to Paris?"

"To Paris!"

"Yes; there's no teaching to be got in London."

"No?" Matt turned pale.

"No. At least that's what everybody says in England. Paris alone has the tradition. Once it was in Holland, once in Florence, and now it's in Paris."

"Then why are you not in Paris?" asked Matt, rallying.

"Ah! That's where my governor is such an idiot. He pretends to think there's more chance for a man who's been through the Academy Schools; he gets known to the R.A.'s and all that. But his real reason is that he's afraid to trust me in Paris by myself."

"No?" said Matt, in sympathetic incredulity.

"Yes; that's why he had this room knocked into a studio for me—it always reminds me of a nursery at the top of the house—and even selects my female models; knows their parents and that sort of thing. It's all sheer selfishness, I tell you, and I'm just sick of all this perpetual fussing and worrying over me, as if I were a prize pig or a race-horse. A man of twenty-three not allowed to have a studio or chambers of his own! You don't realize how lucky you are, my boy. If I could afford it, I'd chuck up the governor tomorrow. But I'm dependent on him for every farthing. And all he allows me for pocket-money is—well, you'd never guess—"

Matt did not attempt to; he judged Herbert might think meanly of even a pound a week, but did not dare hazard a guess.

"Three hundred a year! And out of that I've got to get my clothes and pay my models, confound 'em!"

Matt stared in startled, reverential envy.

"Yes, you may well stare. Why, you know yourself if you buy a woman a bracelet it runs away with a month's allowance. But, talking of clothes, you'll have to get better than those things if you ever want me to be seen with you."

"These are quite new," murmured Matt, in alarm.

"*And* original," added Herbert. "I'll have to introduce you to my tailor."

"Is—is he dear?" Matt stammered.

"If you pay him," said Herbert, dryly.

"Oh, I always pay," protested Matt.

"You're lucky. *I* have to economize."

Matt thought suddenly of William Gregson with a throb of gratitude. At least his wardrobe boasted of unimpeachable boots. Then he suddenly espied a small battalion of foot-gear arranged against a wall—black boots, brown boots, patent shoes, brown shoes, boots with laces, and boots with beautiful buttons—and he relapsed into his primitive humility. Uneasy lest Herbert should insist on equipping him similarly, he was glad to remember that Herbert's mother was expecting her boy, and with a murmur to that effect, rose to go.

"Nonsense," said Herbert; "I'm not due till dinner-time; but if you must be going, I think I'll just stroll a little. You go down Oxford Street, don't you?"

"Ye-es," faltered Matt, who was a little frightened at the idea that his dainty cousin might accompany him to his lodging.

"All right. I'll just go to the club to see if there are any letters. There's another of your privileges, confound you! I can't have any letters come to my own place."

"Why not?"

"Why not? D'you think I'd have the governor nosing my correspondence? He'd be always asking questions. It's a jolly little club. I'll put you up for it if you like. Take another cigarette; take half a dozen; put 'em in your pocket."

As they were going down stairs, Matt said he would like to say good-by to madam, so they passed into the sitting-room.

"*Au revoir*, my dear nephew, *au revoir!*" said madam, shaking both his hands. "I said you and Herbert would love each other. You will find your threepence halfpenny waiting you in the shop."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

THE SCHEME OF THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

I AM a fortune-hunter; I've a fearful thirst for gold;
I pine not for mere millions, but for wealth that can't be told.
The riches of Golconda, while I'd take them if I could,
Are nothing to the sums I want, I wish it understood.

I'd rival Monte Cristo, with his wondrous store of wealth;
I'd rival ancient Crœsus, if not honestly, by stealth;
I'd rival Mr. Rothschild—ay, I'd rival all the three;
But how to set about it is the thing that bothers me.

The schemes on which the people of a by-gone age waxed fat
To-day are truly very stale, and profitless, and flat.
Legitimate professions, I've observed, are very slow,
And public life is barren—overcrowded, don't you know.

The mines are all pre-empted; there's no money on the "Street";
There's not much chance in banking, men are growing so discreet;
And crime I dare not enter—there are jails for forgery;
I can't afford a vessel to embark in piracy.

To wreck a line of railroad on a time was quite a fad,
But they're already mostly wrecked by others bold and bad.
To think, of all the chances in the world there's none for me!
I've half a mind to end it all and jump into the sea.

. . . .

But stay! At last I have it! O my heart, thy beating cease!
I have a friend who'll get me on the great New York Police!
O vision beatific! Oh, what squillions I shall make!
If they can do so well asleep, what can't I do awake!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE FUTURE OF THE ARMY.

A REPLY TO GEN. LEW. WALLACE'S ANNAPOLIS ADDRESS.

BY CHARLES KING, CAPTAIN U. S. A.

IN his address to the cadets of the Naval Academy, General Lew. Wallace has said all manner of good things of the navy to the navy—things which every patriotic citizen will endorse and approve. Abroad, perhaps more than at home, has its commissioned *personnel* been honored for years, and within the last decade our ships, our guns—if not our gunners—have won the enthusiastic praise restricted for a generation past to their officers. Time was in the *ante bellum* days when the Yankee frigate, crew and all, challenged the admiration and aroused the envy of every foreign power—when the little navy of the infant Union dared the overwhelming fleet of Great Britain. Time has been in the recent past when the venerable tubs that flew our flag were sights to make foreign officials laugh in their gold-laced sleeves, and our own honest tars to blush through the tan of tropic suns. But the time has now come when our methods are studied even by Britannia, who, through her navy, claimed to rule the waves, whose flag's afloat on every sea, yet who but yesterday awoke to the secret of her greatness through reading a Yankee sailor's work on *The Influence of Sea Power upon History;* and the captain of the *Chicago,* lionized among British lions, has even been accorded, and with far better reason, the scholastic honors with which her great university once convulsed the wits and confounded Blücher,

General Wallace can say nothing in praise of our navy. past, present, or future, with which we cannot heartily sympathize. We can go even further than he goes, and, with show of reason, challenge his statement that up to the present the army has been more of a favorite with our people than the navy. In any event, we are proud of our navy. We believe in it, and we thank the eloquent soldier of two wars for so fully expressing our sentiments.

But—now comes the other side. In almost the same breath with which he declares that a revolution is upon us does General Wallace announce that "the work of the army is done. The Indians are quieted," and therefore "the life of the regular is to be that of the barracks." If occasionally hereafter the professional soldier is called from his slumbers it will only be to confront a mob, or to join the spectators on the shore in saluting the only battle-scarred heroes of future wars—the tars of our gallant navy.

This proposition is at least novel. In the suppression of the great insurrection which began in '61 the navy played conspicuous part, and the army seemed to spend but little time in barracks. The navy spoke at New Orleans and Mobile, at Vicksburg, Charleston, and Fort Fisher, yet hardly breasted the rapids of the upper Monocacy, the slopes of Cemetery Hill; hardly braved the billows of Missionary Ridge, or thundered in the storm of Nashville, Atlanta, Chickamauga, or the Wilderness, or joined in the chase up the Shenandoah, or, despite the misnomer of Sailor's Creek, in the dash from Five Forks to Appomattox. Surely, when that war burst upon us the work of the army was not done. Why, then, should it be ended now, when, as the general tells us, a revolution is imminent? Will the navy meet the mobs in the coal regions, the rioters on the railways? Will the navy sail the Susquehanna, guard the great furnaces and rolling-mills, the mines, granaries, elevators, banks, water-works, magazines, road-beds, tunnels, bridges? This, says the general, is the work of the national guard; but what is the national guard but the army, of which we regulars are only the nucleus? Whence came the leaders of the great and gallant army of volunteers in the last war? Just where they will come from in the next—the little band of professionals. If, as the general says, the revolution is coming, and the navy—not the army—is to do the fighting of the future, are our revolutionists, recruited confessedly from the masses ashore, to suddenly take to that element with which they of all people seem least acquainted, and considerately do their battling on the water? No! That rebellion, when it comes, will be fought out ashore, and Jack, with all his readiness, will have but little chance to bear a hand.

Canada and Mexico, says the general, are our only polemical possibilities, and "a million of men launched in supporting columns" (not in sea-going ships, be it noted) "would reduce the conquest to a summer's campaign." What Canada would be doing while we were getting a million men through the school of the soldier as preliminary to "launching" them into column is not stated; but Canada, with John Bull at her back, and England and India "launching" whole fleets of disciplined re-enforcements at the flash of the first gun, is not so weak as the general represents her. To cut her one transcontinental railway, he says, "would work irremediable division." Perhaps it would, if we held the cut—a bit of work much beyond the army to-day, and very much beyond the navy at any time.

General Wallace says our sea-coast "to the greed of nations bears temptations more frequent than light-houses." Much more frequent, let us add, than fortifications; and with all the pluck and skill of our navy afloat, would there not be work for the army in building and defending these forts ashore? *Should* there be an invading army on our coasts, as the general permits us to fancy, would the navy leave its ships and come tramping after it? Would there be no work for the army in the prophesied overwhelming?

In referring to them as "the despised national guards" the general has used a descriptive we cannot account for. Who despises them? Surely not, as by the context one might infer, their comrades of the regulars. By no class of men competent to judge is the National Guard of America held in higher esteem than by the experienced officers of the permanent establishment. At no time in the past have the relations between the professional and civilian soldiers been so close and cordial as to-day. At no time, thanks to this mutual good-will and fellowship, have so many young men of education and social standing enlisted in the ranks of the regular army, or have so many educated soldiers sought commissions in "the Guard." East and West, North and South, at the request of the State authorities, scores of regulars are serving as inspectors and instructors. In one Western State, at least, so complete is "the touch" that for ten years past none but regulars have been permitted to conduct the inspection of the troops; no camp is held except under "regular" supervision; no summer's work is complete without the presence and co-operation of regular soldiery; and this year, side by side with the guardsmen of Wisconsin, infantry, cavalry, and artillery of the United States march and manœuvre, camp and shoot, learning both the lesson of war and that of mutual respect and esteem.

It may well be, as General Wallace says, that the lights which have been most alluring to brave men have been transferred from land to sea, that the glamour and glory of future wars will hover over our beautiful White Squadrons, and the laurels and caresses light upon the brows of their gallant crews. So let it be! We all love Jack. But just so long as human greed and human passions stand as they have stood since creation, just so long as demagogues and dynamiters and weak-kneed or weak-minded executives are prevalent in our land, just so long will there be danger from without and peril from within—invasion, insurrection, or rebellion—that can only be held at bay by eternal vigilance, by ceaseless preparation. And when the clash shall come, as come full well it may, just as in '61, on every field, in the sweat and toil and shock of battle, shoulder to shoulder "regular," guardsman, and volunteer shall face the mob or fight the foe, and never until the millennium comes let any man believe "the work of the army is done."

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER AS A WRITER OF FICTION.

THE late Matthew Arnold had an infinitely wider outlook than any of his contemporaries among British critics, but none the less was he capable of insularity on occasion, as when he made his taunting remark about the people of the United States reading the works of "a native author named Roe" rather than the masterpieces of literature—the remark being made at the very moment when the people of Great Britain were reading the works of a native author named Haggard, when the people of France were reading the works of a native author named Ohnet, and when the people of Germany were reading the works of a native author named "Marlitt." And yet a few years before the distinguished critic sneered thus unsuccessfully at this transient failing of ours, which happened to have at the time an equivalent in every other country, there was another American weakness at which he could have girded more effectively. This weakness was an uneasy desire for a strange and portentous work of fiction which was to be hailed at once, on its appearance, as The Great American Novel. The satirist would have had a fair target in this parochial expectancy of the impossible. How should there ever be so monstrous an entity as The Great American Novel? Is there such a thing as The Great British Novel, or The Great French Novel? And if there is, what is the name thereof, and who proclaimed and proved its unique greatness?

It is pleasant to observe that this silly demand for an impossible object, frequent enough when we had no novelists, or very few, has died away now that we have a compact corps of trained writers of fiction—a corps in which promising recruits are enlisted almost every month. These conscripts in story-telling are often veterans in other divisions of the literary body; and they are drawn especially from the rapidly thinning ranks of the essayists. It may be doubted whether the historians of literature have hitherto paid sufficient attention to the strong influence of the English essayists upon the development of the English novel. Addison and Steele made the way straight for Henry Fielding and for Jane Austen. *Rasselas* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* are simply numbers of the *Rambler* and of the *Citizen of the World* somewhat expanded. So Curtis, after the *Potiphar Papers,* wrote *Prue and I* and *Trumps;* so Mr. Howells, after *Suburban Sketches,* set out on *Their Wedding Journey* and formed *A Chance Acquaintance;* so Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, after spending a *Summer in a Garden* and after making a series of *Back-Log Studies,* went away also on *Their Pilgrimage* and took part in *A Little Journey in the World.*

It was Tom Moore who pointed out in his memoir of Sheridan that English comedy had been the work of very young men—which would tend to account for its vivacity, perhaps, and for its immaturity also. That the novelists of our language have, on the contrary, flowered later in life, more often than not, has also been noted before now. Richardson was fifty when he celebrated the triumph of virtue in *Pamela;* Fielding was thirty-five when he made fun of poor Pamela by giving her a brother, *Joseph Andrews;* Scott was forty when he finally finished *Waverley;* Thackeray did not begin *Vanity Fair,* and George Eliot did not sketch the first of her *Scenes of Clerical Life,* until they had reached one-half of the allotted limit of threescore years and ten; and Mr. Howells was about the same age when he took his first timid flight in fiction with *Their Wedding Journey.* Mr. Warner was older than Richardson when he turned story-teller and wrote the fascinating journal of *Their Pilgrimage,* and he was full sixty when he followed this travel tale with a full-fledged novel, *A Little Journey in the World.* Like Fielding and Scott, like Thackeray and Mr. Howells, Mr. Warner had made proof of his literary faculty long before he ventured into the doubtful labyrinth of fiction, wherein the most accomplished man of letters may lose his way if he cannot keep a firm grasp of the thread of interest, the only clew which can guide him and his readers to a joyful safety.

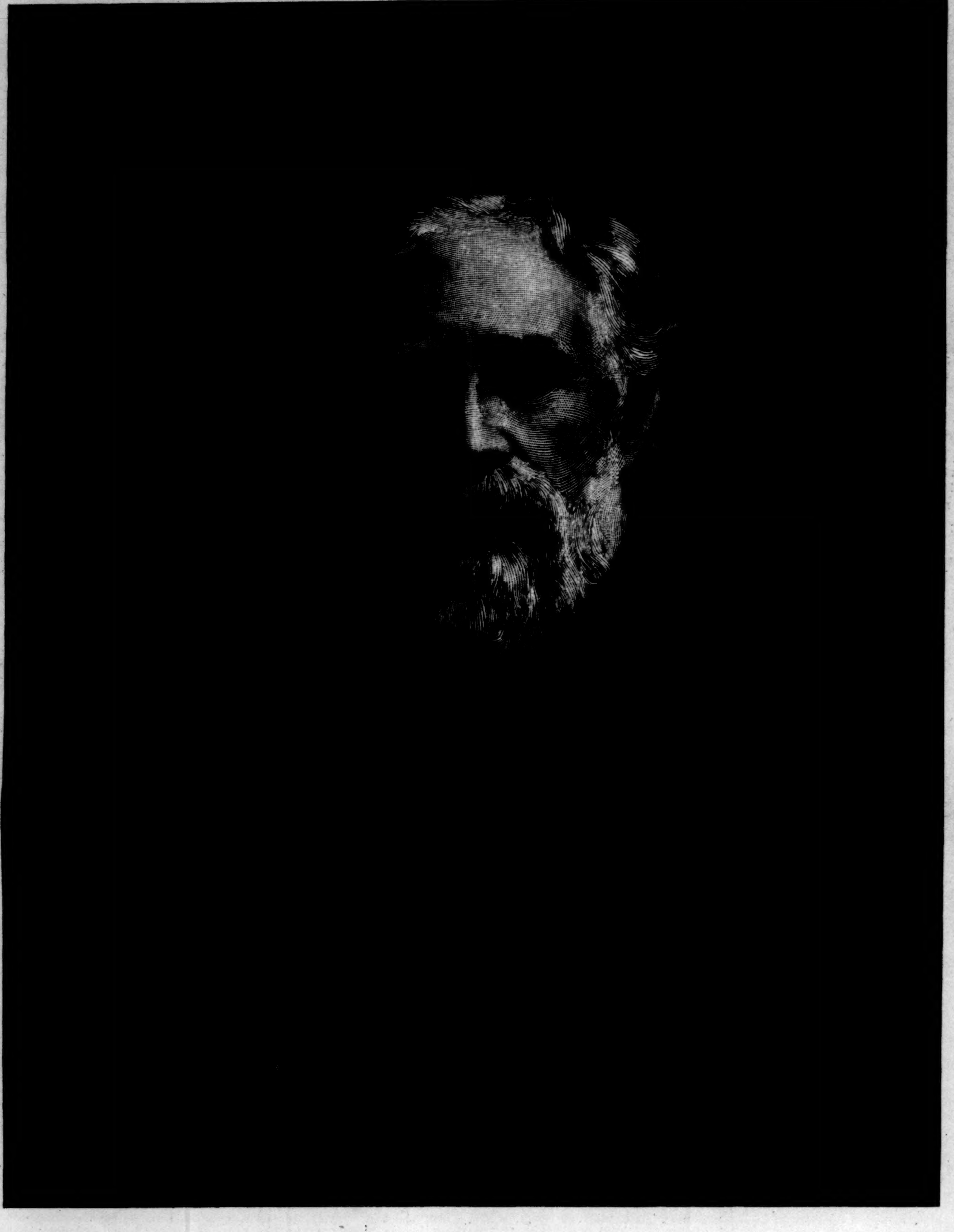
It is characteristic of Mr. Warner's modesty that even now, when he has come to his reward, when he has made a hit as a humorist, when he has been welcomed as a writer of travels, when he has won a place for himself in the front rank of essayists, when he has appeared twice as a novelist, that he is wont to speak of himself not as a man of letters, but as a journalist. His career has the unexpectedness to be discovered in the lives of so many energetic Americans who set out in one direction and then go suddenly in another—reaching their original goal in the end, it may be, but only after a circumnavigation of the globe. Born in Massachusetts in 1829, graduating from Hamilton in 1851, he lived on the frontier for a year or two, and then studied law at the University of Pennsylvania—although I must confess that the critic who sits in the Editor's Study does not look in the least like the "Philadelphia lawyer" of popular fancy. He practised law in Chicago until 1860, when he went to Hartford to take charge of a paper since consolidated with the *Courant* (in which Mr. Warner is still interested). His editorial writing was so fresh and vigorous that his articles were not only copied with the usual credit, but stolen also without compunction; one New Jersey newspaper man even formed the habit of daily transferring to his own editorial columns the article Mr. Warner had published the day before in the Hartford *Courant.*

It was in the spring of 1870 that Mr. Warner began to contribute to the *Courant* a series of papers chronicling the experiences and the misadventures of an amateur gardener. Amusing as these little essays were, they had none of the "acrobatic comedy" (as it has been called) of the ordinary newspaper funny man, who has his easily learnt formulas for extracting laughs. The humor of Mr. Warner's record of his tribulations in the garden was not machine-made; it was original, individual, delicate, playful, and at bottom thoughtful; it was the easy fooling of a gentleman and a scholar. It happened to hit the popular taste, and the successive papers were copied far and wide, and quoted and talked about, and finally gathered into a book, for which Henry Ward Beecher wrote a preface—omitted from the later editions now that Mr. Warner has ceased to need an introduction. *My Summer in a Garden* was popular not only in the United States but in Great Britain as well, where, indeed, three rival publishers showed their appreciation by reprinting it promptly. One of these gentry even changed the title and chose to call the little book "Pusley"; but no one of the three thought it needful to transmit any pecuniary honorarium to the American author; although it was even then possible to make transfers of money by the Atlantic cable.

After the success of *My Summer in a Garden,* the author bound up in a book a selection of *Saunterings,* an apt title for sketches of travel. Then he wrote a series of *Back-Log Studies,* suggested possibly by the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,* and possibly by the *Reveries of a Bachelor,* and possibly owing nothing to either of these, for it was full of what we now know to be the flavor of Mr. Warner's own personality. The first requisite of an essayist, the one thing needful, without which he is as nothing, is to have his own point of view, to own himself, to be his own master. The artist, so Goethe tells us, "make what contortions he will, can bring to light only his own individuality"; Mr. Warner is no literary contortionist, and it is without violence or wrench that he brings his individuality to light. The more amusing side of this individuality had been shown in *My Summer in a Garden,* and it was rather the deeper aspect which was first revealed in *Back-Log Studies,* wherein the wit and the humor flame up and crackle and sparkle, while the thought beneath glows and burns steadily.

There is no need to call the roll of Mr. Warner's books after the journalist had developed into the essayist, after the newspaper man had discovered that he was a man of letters—even though he may choose deprecatingly to deny it. *Saunterings* was followed by others—books of travel, by *Baddeck, and that Sort of Thing;* by *My Winter on the Nile* (written during a winter in Venice); by *In the Levant;* by an Adirondack book, *In the Wilderness;* by a Blue Ridge book, *On Horseback;* by a California book, *Our Italy;* and by a solid volume of *Studies in the South and West.* He wrote also a life of that picturesque adventurer Captain John Smith; and he began the admirable series of "American Men of Letters," of which he is the editor, with a sympathetic study of the career and the character of Washington Irving, also an essayist who was both a traveller and a biographer. He has explored the memory of his youth in a New England village, and set down the record of his investigations in *Being a Boy*—a slight enough volume, which every foreigner who shall want to get an insight into the influences which have moulded American character must needs read more than once. And from the many opening essaylets prepared for the Editor's Drawer of HARPER'S MONTHLY Mr. Warner has twice made selections, which now fill two pretty little volumes of Harper's American Essayists, *As We Were Saying* and *As We Go*—singularly felicitous titles for papers so lightly and brightly written.

Probably Mr. Warner himself would not approve of any suggestion that all these various writings, these editorial articles, these essays, these books of travels, these biographies, these social studies—or at least such of them as had appeared before 1886—were merely preparations for their author's first venture into fiction. But certainly, and whatever their value may be in other respects, they were each in its different degree advantageous to him when he took up the new art of story-telling. In writing them Mr. Warner had trained his eye and his hand; he had proved his weapons, and he had measured himself. The change of the essayist into the novelist was a slow development, and not a sudden expansion, as had been the change of the lawyer into the journalist a quarter of a century before. He could not but be aware that he had the literary faculty in a high de-



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

gree; it remained to be seen whether he had also the gift of story-telling, without which the novelist is as naught.

It does not seem to me that this crucial question is answered in *Their Pilgrimage.* In this first attempt Mr. Warner was diffident and modest. While there is more incident in *Their Pilgrimage* than there was in Curtis's first attempt at fiction, *The Potiphar Papers,* and more even than there is in Mr. Howells's *Their Wedding Journey,* still the book is hardly to be classed among novels, unless, indeed, there were a separate division for topographic fiction. It is the record of a voyage of discovery among the American summer resorts, extending from Bar Harbor to the White Sulphur, and including Saratoga and Long Branch, Newport and Narragansett Pier and Niagara. It was natural that the essayist turning novelist should be a portrayer of social conditions rather than a story-teller, pure and simple. He has a story to tell, of course (he is no needy knife-grinder), and he tells it well, bringing the hero to the proposal promptly, and allowing the heroine the cherished privilege of self-sacrifice; but none the less are we allowed to guess that the shifting panorama is almost as interesting as are the figures making love in the foreground. Now and again, as is the duty of the essayist, he lets us catch a glimpse of his own individuality, not suppressing it vigorously, as is the wont of the most advanced story-tellers of to-day.

But still, the book "lets itself be read," to use the useful German phrase. However slight as a story, it is delightful as the work of an accomplished man of letters, deftly sketching a bit of scenery here and adroitly outlining a bit of character there. And especially does it abound in good talk—in good talk which is not merely a sequence of clever phrases, but really *talk,* with the flavor of give and take, to and fro, hit or miss, cut and thrust, which is the essence of friendly conversation. The late Lord Houghton declared that "good conversation is to ordinary talk what whist is to playing cards"; and Mr. Warner has here proved himself a most expert whist-player, with the fullest understanding of American leads. "A man always talks badly who has nothing to say," Voltaire remarked; but it does not follow that the reverse is true, and that the man who has something to say is sure to talk well. Mr. Warner and Mr. Warner's companions in *Their Pilgrimage* have always something to say, and something to which the reader is delighted to listen; and they say it in such fashion as to make conversation seem the very cream of culture.

In *Their Pilgrimage* Mr. Warner showed that he had a firm grasp of the essential facts of American life and character; in *A Little Journey in the World* he revealed that he had also mastered the art of fiction, and was able to fix the reader's attention not on the scenery and the chorus which had amused us in the earlier book, but on the characters of the men and women, and on the influence of these characters one on the other. He had turned from the externals of existence to the internals. He had thrust the panorama into the background and concentrated his attention on the figures in the foreground. And these figures are well worthy of his attention and of ours. He groups together the delicate, sensitive New England girl of high ideals and the rather common but clever New York girl—of a kind seen in the city often enough, and yet not at all a typical New York girl, if such an entity may be said to exist. He shows us a new variety of the English lord whom it is the duty of the American girl to reject; and he makes us see what a fine fellow the Englishman is, and what a mistake the girl makes in accepting, instead of his, the love of a Wall Street speculator, handsome, bold, scheming, and unscrupulous. And here it is that Mr. Warner proves at once his insight into life and his newly acquired skill as a story-teller; he makes us see and understand, and even accept as inevitable, the slow process of deterioration which follows on the mating of a young woman of lofty standards with a dominating character of coarser and tougher substance. The disintegration of Margaret's moral fibre under the repeated shocks of worldliness, incessantly recurring, until at last the strain breaks down all resistance, seems to me one of the finest things in recent American literature. The simplicity and the strength with which Mr. Warner has handled this situation make me very desirous to see what his third novel will be like. One of the sharpest critics of American life said two or three years ago that "American fiction to-day has elaborate machinery—and no boiler." Mr. Warner has now at his command machinery adequate to his needs; there is no doubt as to his ownership of a boiler, and there is no danger that he will let it explode.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

SOCIALISM IN GERMANY, ENGLAND, AND FRANCE.

BY H. WICKHAM STEED.

III.—FRANCE.

THE French socialist movement differs considerably from its English and German counterparts, for in France several tendencies, due mainly to racial peculiarities, have operated to produce a special phase of the social question. Of these the principal is perhaps a powerful individualistic sentiment, modified somewhat by an inclination to form close personal relationships where interests coincide. Another is the general political instinct to support, on the one hand, a highly centralized and strongly armed state, and on the other, more or less definite counter-organizations, which, like the traditional Irishman, are usually "agin the government," and may become revolutionary centres. The state is wont to uphold its authority by a readier appeal to armed force than is England, whilst the tendency of the governed is towards submission until the spirit of revolt has been thoroughly aroused. Within a century four revolutions have occurred in France, broadly speaking at intervals of twenty-five years. The Boulanger episode, too, serves as a reminder that a repetition of such events is not out of the question even to-day; indeed, the possibility of an insurrection seems to be one of the few constant factors in French politics, and it is not improbable that the present official attitude with regard to labor problems is the result of a more or less conscious dread of a popular outbreak. Although France may be said to be pre-eminently the country of ideas, Frenchmen have not as a rule the Teutonic capacity for steady devotion to a theoretic ideal, but are, like the Irish, prone to subordinate principle to personality—a racial peculiarity which explains the sporadic character of French political organizations in general, and of the socialist movement in particular.

ÉDOUARD VAILLANT.

Socialism made its first appearance in France during the Reign of Terror in the shape of a proclamation, drawn up by Babœuf and others, declaring that "the Revolution, victorious over kings, nobles, and priests, is not yet finished, and will not be until, by the organization of labor, it shall have assured a just division of the products of industry, sufficient means of subsistence, and the opportunity of development to all members of society." Babœuf and one of his comrades paid for their temerity with their lives, but their ideas found interpreters in St.-Simon and Fourier, even during the Napoleonic wars. In 1836 Pecquer laid the foundations of modern collectivism in his *Économie Sociale*, in which he affirmed that the solution of the social question would be found in the gradual socialization of the means of production, employed not directly by the state, but by associations under state control. The same ideas were more completely worked out by Louis Blanc in 1845, in his *Organisation du Travail.* A trenchant critique of capitalism was written by François Vidal at least thirty years before Marx's famous work saw the light, and Proudhon, the father of theoretical anarchism, recognizing the impossibility of a sudden transition from individualism to socialism, proposed a compromise called "mutualism." During the first half of this century, indeed, France was *par excellence* the home of advanced social thought. Paris especially was a centre of innovation until the seething intellectual ferment culminated in the Revolution of 1848.

COUNT ALBERT DE MUN.

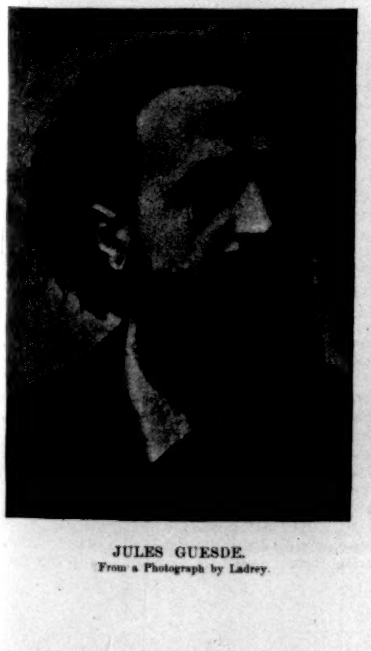
The year 1848 had seen a great increase of distress in France, and the government, partly as a concession to socialist demands, and partly in the hope of lessening the pressure of the "unemployed" question, founded a number of "national" workshops, which, though ostensibly an attempt to realize the "social" workshops projected by Louis Blanc, were merely a travesty of his scheme. They were foredoomed to failure, and after an existence of four months were suddenly closed; thereupon the working classes broke out into insurrection, and order was only restored after the sanguinary struggle known as "the days of June." Historically the outbreak is important, for it marks the début of the proletariat in the theatre of European politics, an event which was, however, extremely disastrous for the débutants. After the bloodshed French socialism ceased for a time to be a movement of importance, and Paris lost its place as the centre of advanced social thought. The working classes also, their most pressing grievances removed by the tawdry prosperity of the Second Empire, remained comparatively quiet, until they came again to the front twenty-three years later in the remarkable rising known as the "Commune of Paris."

The Commune of Paris was largely a result of the influence exercised by Marx's "International Union of Workers" upon the French proletariat. During the siege of Paris by the German army an attempt, organized by the revolutionary Blanqui, to deprive the bourgeois party of the control of the defences, provoked a counter-attempt on the part of Thiers to disarm the populace. The working-classes, led by the socialists, thereupon revolted, proclaimed the Commune, and elected a Central Committee, which assumed the executive power. The committee included many members of the International, and attempted to introduce several socialistic reforms, but at length the Commune was crushed by Thiers, 35,000 of the communards being slain, while 50,000 more were subsequently imprisoned or exiled. As in 1848, the immediate effect of the slaughter was to paralyze the French working-class movement, and to create a strong reaction against all kinds of socialism—a reaction which even now has not entirely ceased. Elasticity and recuperative power are, however, characteristic of the Gallic race, and the French workmen soon began to reorganize themselves, although on an industrial and strictly non-political basis. In 1873, within two years of the fall of the Commune, a congress of industrial unions or syndicates was held in Paris, at which the foundations of the present labor party were laid. Although harassed by legal restrictions, the syndical or trades-union movement has grown steadily, especially since the law of 1884 removed most of the obstacles to industrial organization. It is perhaps of a more distinctly socialist character than the English trades-union movement, and federations of syndicates or labor exchanges have more than once been put to a political use. Co-operation, too, has made considerable headway in France, although not to the same extent as in England, owing perhaps to the general want of associative instinct in Latin peoples.

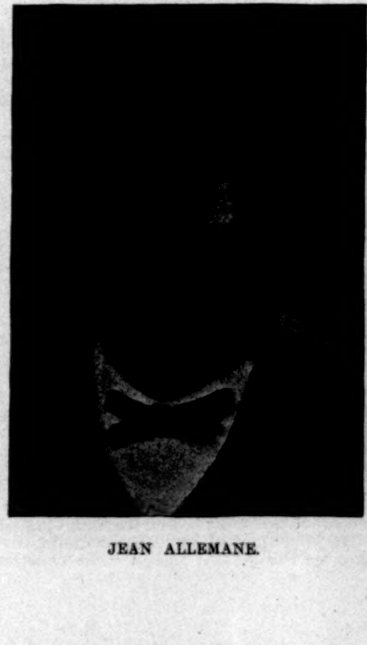
PAUL BROUSSE.

MRS. MARX-AVELING,
Of the "English Group," Daughter of Karl Marx.

Since 1880, when the amnesty of the banished communards brought back the old members of the International to Paris, the French working-class movement has taken a distinctly political turn. At a congress held at Havre in 1880 a programme resembling that of the German Social Democrats was adopted and a socialist press organized, but shortly afterwards personal differences and divergent opinions as to tactics caused divisions in the socialist camp. One group was composed of the extreme revolutionary socialists who accepted the traditions of Blanqui; another was formed of the

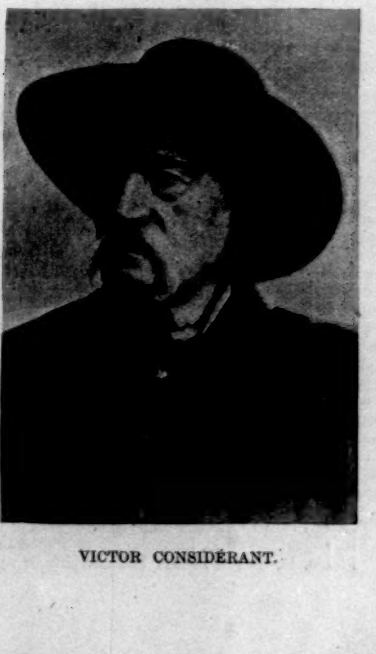


JULES GUESDE.
From a Photograph by Ladrey.



JEAN ALLEMANE.

PAUL LAFARGUE.



VICTOR CONSIDÉRANT.

disciples of Marx and those whose socialism was of the German description; whilst a third, calling itself the Federation of Socialist Workmen, comprised those who trusted rather to working-class organization than to political action. These latter have organized more than four hundred "Circles for Social Studies" throughout France, and on account of their readiness to use every possible means, that of revolution alone excepted, for the advancement of their cause, have been dubbed "Possibilists" by M. Paul Lafargue—a name originally borne by Castelar's party in Spain. The leaders of the Marxist group were MM. Jules Guesde and Paul Lafargue; of the Blanquist, MM. Vaillant and Chauvière; and of the Possibilist, MM. Paul Brousse and Jean Allemane. In 1888, however, the Boulangist furor occasioned fresh divisions. The more extreme Blanquists espoused the cause of the "patriot" general, whereupon MM. Vaillant and Chauvière withdrew, and founded the Central Revolutionary Committee, a similar split occurring in the Possibilist ranks between the followers of M. Brousse and those of M. Allemane. At present there are no less than six socialist groups, to wit: (1) the Marxists or Guesdists, (2) the Central Revolutionary Committee or Vaillantists, (3) the Boulangist Blanquists or Grangerists, (4) the Broussist Possibilists, (5) the Allemanist Possibilists, and (6) the Federation of Independent Socialists, an organization based on the fact that none of its members belong to any other faction. To these six parties may perhaps be added the Christian Socialists, of whom M. le Comte de Mun is chief.

Notwithstanding this disunion, no less than fifty socialists were successful at the last Parliamentary elections, and in spite of the fact that it is composed of men of all shades of socialistic opinion, the socialist group in the Chamber has hitherto acted with singular unanimity, and is decidedly an important factor in the present political situation. In November last it compassed the downfall of the Dupuy cabinet, and has since more than once inflicted virtual defeat upon the Casimir-Périer ministry. Most French socialists are agreed as to the main articles of their creed; they differ with regard to the methods of attaining their ends and in the selection of leaders.

Best known of all French socialists is M. Jules Guesde, chief of the Marxists. He is the originator of the May-day labor festival, and is one of the most eloquent of contemporary orators. A recent writer, well acquainted with him, says: "M. Guesde is not a man, he is a machine—an intellectual machine, an automatic dialectician, a sort of animated marionette wound up once and for all. He is also one of the most disinterested of men. He knows neither ambition nor jealousy nor passion for gain. In spite of poverty and calumny and sickness and imprisonment he has pursued his propaganda, and for twenty years has acted as the chief of French socialism." Personally, M. Guesde is tall and spare, with thick, black, glossy hair and beard. Though far from being robust, he works indefatigably, and his enthusiasm knows no bounds. When I saw him last he spoke very hopefully of the progress of socialism in France, especially amongst the peasants and small proprietors, hitherto the stronghold of individualism. "But," he said, "our difficulties are great. We are still feeling the effect of the reaction that followed the Commune, and owing to want of funds, are compelled to work by fits and starts. We have neither the wealth nor the organization of the German socialists, nor is there in France that development of large industry which renders such organization possible. Besides, Frenchmen are more impatient than Germans. They are not content to work for a distant ideal, but want to realize it immediately; they both think and act in a revolutionary manner."

M. Guesde's political policy is one of zealous non-abstention. He has already put into practice his principle of laying hands on every possible branch of legislative and municipal power, and with the apathy of the bourgeois elector to aid him, it is not unlikely that every appeal to the popular vote will strengthen his position and increase his influence.

Coupled with M. Guesde should be M. Paul Lafargue, a member of the Commune, and son-in-law of Karl Marx. Thoroughly internationalist in sympathies, he has worked long and arduously as writer, deputy, and agitator in the socialist cause, resembling in this respect M. Edouard Vaillant, of the Central Revolutionary Committee, who is one of the savants of the French socialist movement. He is a man of wide experience, and is deeply versed in English and German philosophy. Escaping from France at the fall of the Commune, he lived in London for ten years, qualifying meanwhile as a surgeon and as civil engineer. In 1881 he returned to Paris, where for the last twelve years he has devoted himself to the cause of socialism, as journalist, deputy, and municipal councillor. Another devotee of municipal socialism is M. Paul Brousse, chief of one of the sections of the Possibilist party, and member of the Paris Municipal Council. He is an authority upon all questions of drainage and sanitation, and emphasizes the need for the education and organization of the working-classes, in this respect sharing the opinions of M. Jean Allemane, leader of the other Possibilist group. M. Allemane is an indefatigable organizer of industrial and agricultural syndicates, reprobating all direct political action, and believing firmly that the millennium would result from the socialization of French municipalities. For undiluted enthusiasm of the kind that defeat cannot diminish nor arguments affect, M. Allemane would be hard to beat.

French socialism has recently lost its most venerable figure by the death of M. Victor Considérant. Born in 1805, M. Considérant early embraced the doctrines of Fourier, renouncing a military career in order to devote himself to socialist propaganda. In 1852, aided by Mr. Albert Brisbane, a wealthy American, he founded in Texas a socialist colony called "Reunion," which, after a struggling existence of several years, was destroyed by the outbreak of war between the Northern and Southern States. In 1869 M. Considérant returned to France, and until a short time ago was a familiar figure on the Parisian boulevards, where his venerable appearance and picturesque Texan costume attracted universal attention. Notwithstanding many reverses, his faith in the ideals of his youth remained unshaken up to the time of his death.

The most distinguished French exponent of religious socialism is M. le Comte de Mun, who, however, protests indignantly against the "accusation of socialism" brought against him, claiming to be a Catholic before everything. He has no designs upon private property, nor does he desire a revolution, but believes that the social question would cease to exist could rich and poor be brought into closer relationship, and their fraternity assured by the exercise of a little more Christian charity and justice than are at present in vogue. When, however, it is a question of realizing his ideals, M. de Mun finds it necessary to associate himself by word and vote with the "materialistic revolutionaries" whose principles he repudiates. The "materialistic revolutionaries," for their part, repudiate no less emphatically M. de Mun, whom they regard as "an advocate of the miserable expedients which clericalism has invented in order to adroitly perpetuate its eternal tyranny in another form."

That socialism in different forms is rapidly spreading in France, especially amongst the working-classes and the "intellectual proletariat," cannot be doubted. The municipalities are everywhere introducing collectivist reforms, following the example of the Paris Municipal Council. Nevertheless, the uncertain character of French politics renders it impossible to foresee the ultimate issue of the movement. In France, even more than elsewhere, it is the unexpected that always happens, and it is by far the safest plan to hazard no predictions. If during the next decade a normal rate of progress be maintained and social catastrophe avoided, France in particular, and Europe in general, will have considerable cause for self-congratulation.

FIRES AND TRAFFIC.

A FEW years ago, when there was a fire of any magnitude in the immediate neighborhood of any of the great thoroughfares in New York, travel was sometimes stopped for many hours, and the busy men and women hastening up and down town were delayed and put to serious inconvenience. These blocks to travel were occasioned in a great measure by the water-hose from the engines lying in the streets and crossing the car tracks. Cars, of course, could not be driven over such impediments, and the police declined to let even the most adventuresome of carriage-drivers pass over them. There was nothing, therefore, that could be done save to wait or to find some other route. The latter expedient is not very difficult in most American cities—usually as broad as they are long—but in New York to find another street in some parts of the town to take the place, even temporarily, of Broadway, is not so easy, for the island of Manhattan is long and narrow, and broad free highways are scarcest where they are most needed.

Considering how frequent these delays by fire have been, it is remarkable that some expedient was not long ago employed to obviate them. And when we see the device that has recently been adopted by the Fire Department to carry the hose across the street, so that cars and carriages may pass freely beneath the imprisoned streams of water, it seems wonderful that no one ever thought of this before. As a matter of fact, hose has been elevated over roadways in various ways previous to this, but never till now has a department been equipped with apparatus so that fires may be fought without interference with travel. The new device consists of two sets of rods, one placed on each side of the roadway. At the apex of these rods a steel rope with a ring in the end is suspended through a pulley. The hose is passed through these rings while still on the pavement, and then it is hoisted sufficiently high to permit cars to pass beneath. The picture on page 605 shows very plainly how this is done.

The fighting of fires affords to the inventive mind a very attractive field, and scarcely a day passes that the department in New York is not asked to examine something odd and novel that will at once make the service more efficient and the saving of life surer and easier. And these devices are always given the consideration that they merit. Most of them, however, are presented by enthusiasts of the genus crank, and are much more ridiculous than valuable. Every now and then, however, a good idea is presented, and when this is the case it is adopted as quickly as practicable.

Nearly all of the improvements, however, in fire apparatus are suggested by firemen of experience, who know much better than any others what is needed in an emergency.

THIS BUSY WORLD

CAPTAIN MAHAN is still the lion of the hour in England. Cambridge has made him an LL.D., and Oxford a D.C.L. When he returns to his native land he will bring with him one of the most complete and convincing sets of compliments that any American has ever accumulated on British soil. It is the general testimony of his acquaintances that he is a modest man. His picture looks so, and his talk sounds so. That is fortunate in most respects, and yet a vain man in his shoes would have found the experiences of the last two months very much to his taste. The impression one gathers from London newspapers of recent date is that Captain Mahan performed for England a service analogous to what Columbus did for America. The London *Times* speaks of him as the Copernicus of naval history. Copernicus made out that the earth went round the sun; Mahan that the British Isles revolved around the sea power, or *vice versa*. At the dinner given in London to the officers of the *Chicago*, Ambassador Bayard said that "when Captain Mahan's pen wrote that single line in small print that 'England was saved at Trafalgar,' a light was flashed across the page of history that would never be forgotten by men who had the safety of England at heart." That must be true, because it accords with the general testimony of British intelligence. And yet even before Captain Mahan's first book appeared, Lord Nelson was highly thought of in England, and his old clothes were kept in museums, and monuments to him and portraits of him abounded up and down in the land. So that even before Captain Mahan discovered the sea power there must have been more than a suspicion in England that naval supremacy was a good thing for that country to have and hold. It pleases all good Americans to have their countryman made much of in England, but until they read his books they will never be able to understand what he could have put into them to make Britishers so pleased and proud.

There is an interesting difference between two great English public schools upon a question of ethics. Lord Rosebery went down to Eton on the 4th of June—the great day of the year at Eton—and was congratulated in a public speech by the head of the college on being the owner of Ladas, the Derby favorite. He was surprised, and said so. "I am bound to say," he admitted, "that I feel no vestige of shame in possessing a good horse, but never did I expect to hear the Provost of Eton congratulate one of his past pupils on his prospects of winning the Derby." If he had been a past pupil of Rugby, and had gone back there, he would not have been exposed to precisely the same phase of the unexpected. Dr. Percival, the head master of Rugby, preached in Westminster Abbey on June 17th on the text, "Am I my brother's keeper?" the gist of his discourse being that Prime Ministers who win Derbys showed a Cainish indifference to the effect of their example.

The row over Rosebery's race-horse is a very edifying row. Any bold person who wants to know what horse-racing means in England may get light of more or less value on that subject from Mr. George Moore's proscribed story of *Esther Waters*. Lord Rosebery need not be ashamed of owning a good horse, though there is a conviction, curiously widespread and deep-seated, that there is something about horses that makes for the awakening of unregenerate emotions in men. But owning a good horse is one thing, and racing him is another, and betting on his celerity is still another. Lord Rosebery has done all three, and has not been ashamed. But there is still time for him to repent, or even to retire, still unrepentant, from the turf, and still be forgiven. Perhaps he will contend, though, that honorable men can easier be spared from British politics than from British horse-racing.

It is averred as a result of observation taken that a woman in fashionable clothes looks well, whether the clothes become her or not, but that a man looks well or ill according as he is really well or ill dressed. If absurd clothes are in fashion and he wears them, he looks just as absurd as if he were very much out of fashion instead of too much in it. It is the fashion just now for men to wear their coats too long, but men who do so look just as silly as any one could wish. Their coats look wrong, and the fact that you know that it is the fashion for men to wear too-long coats doesn't help the looks of them at all. But if it happened to be the fashion for women to wear their coats too long, all women who could would wear them so, and would promptly look "stylish" and inspire respect, whereas men who look stylish in unbecoming clothes inspire nothing but derision. It may be due to the superior strength of the feminine mind, or perhaps merely to the superior adaptability of the feminine figure; but anyhow, in the matter of clothes, it is true that when woman says "evil, be thou my good," evil becomes acceptable, but when man says so, evil continues just as objectionable as ever.

A British reformer of social practices writes to the London *Times* to suggest an innovation which he thinks may ameliorate the condition of diners-out. Everybody knows, he says, that the guests for a London dinner party have to be asked at least a month beforehand, or else they will all have previous engagements. But it often happens that after people have accepted invitations a month ahead they get others which they would prefer to accept but cannot. The suggestion is that, no matter when dinner invitations are sent out, it shall be held to be unnecessary either to accept or decline them until one week before the day appointed. This plan would enable diners who found themselves with several invitations for the same evening to accept the one they preferred. "It may be objected," admits the inventor, "that under this system the most popular hosts would be able to make up their parties more easily than other people; but this is as it should be. There can be no pleasure in entertaining a party of friends who would rather be dining elsewhere."

But there might be in London, if some of them were dukes, since the advantage of having a duke at a London dinner party is understood to be wholly independent of the duke's feelings at dinner. But no system will rid dinner-giving in big cities from some inconveniences. Nothing but exceptional personal energy and discretion can enable diners to accept all the more attractive invitations, decline all the less attractive ones, and still keep on visiting terms with their acquaintances.

It seems possible that the bicycle may do more to bring the suffrage to women than the Constitutional Convention in the State of New York. Not the higher education itself seems so well qualified to develop manliness in womankind as the bicycle. It is astonishing how this convenient little machine is bringing women out. It has done more in three years to make skirts a matter of taste instead of a matter of necessity than dress-reformers have done in half a century. It is sure to educate woman in other important particulars, as to teach her to turn to the right in the street, and to interest her in such public concerns as the condition of the highways. It used to be the boast of the English bar that a competent lawyer could drive a coach and four through any act of Parliament. It remains to be seen whether the Constitution of New York State is so closely welded together that woman may not presently ride through it on a bicycle.

Allusion was made last week in this corner of the WEEKLY to the propensity of artists to take up literature as a supplementary industry, to the disturbance of authorized writers. It is consoling to read of at least one case in which the boot is being tried on the other foot. Mr. Hamilton Aïdè, novelist, playwright, and verse-writer, has filled the Goupil Gallery in London with water-color sketches, which are praised in the London *Times* as "pleasant to behold." Mr. Aïdè does not pretend to be more than an amateur painter, but if he paints as well as some of the amateur authors write, his artistic propensities will be more than justified.

A correspondent in Kenosha, Wisconsin, expressed himself as shocked at a recent comment in this department of the WEEKLY on the action of the Union League Club of Chicago in expelling Colonel Breckinridge of Kentucky from its honorary membership. Peace be to that correspondent! What was discussed herein was merely the power of any club to discipline any honorary member, and not at all the personal qualities or disabilities of Colonel Breckinridge.

On May 21st, in the parish church of Widford, Herts, England, a memorial window was dedicated to John Eliot, the "apostle to the Indians" of America, who died two hundred years ago. The window was given by Eliot's descendants in America, who have only recently learned from what part of England their ancestor came. Ambassador Bayard went to the dedication of it and made an address.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson, who wrote the account of the Iroquois Indians of Grand River published in the WEEKLY last week, is a person of distinguished lineage as well as of ample personal gifts. Her father was Onwanonsyshon (Man-with-the-Big-House), a well-known chief of the Six Nations. Her grandfather for forty years was Speaker of the Six Nations Council, and fought with distinction for the British in 1812. Her mother, it is stated, is nearly related to Mr. W. D. Howells. Miss Johnson is known as a poet and a public reader. Her picture, as given last week in the WEEKLY, offers scarcely any suggestion of her Indian derivation.

Mr. William Astor Chanler had a good deal of bad luck in his African expedition, but he got safely home again, which is perhaps the most important point of all. He declines to give any assurances that he will not presently go back and try again. Mr. Chanler is still young (twenty-eight), and it is understood that a man who has once had the African exploration fever has to be at least thirty-five years old before he can be trusted to see the fallacy of it. This leaves Mr. Chanler seven years more of possible geographical usefulness. He says he is very well, except that his liver has grown deliberate; but as he is going to Carlsbad, and will probably take his liver with him, that defect in his health is likely to be remedied.

At least five white men should start with every African expedition. There should be a boss explorer, an assistant explorer, a physician, a Gerry agent, and a newspaper correspondent. The Gerry agent's business would be, of course, to see that no cruelty was done to man or beast, and the newspaper correspondent could write up what cruelty the Gerry man failed to prevent. Mr. Chanler, so far as appears, has shown himself a merciful explorer, and though he says that in his recent expedition he lost twenty-seven men and all his live-stock, that was due to disease, and not to misuse.

If you are an admirer of Heine, and wish to help secure for America the Lorelei fountain designed by Ernest Herter, of Berlin, send your contribution to Mr. S. P. Mendel, 35 Spruce Street, New York. This fountain was intended for a memorial of Heine in Dusseldorf, his birthplace. But it seems that a bigoted prejudice hinders the Dusseldorfers as yet from doing honor to their poet. They won't have this fountain, handsome as it is. The Arion Society has proposed to bring it here, and has interested the other German-American societies of New York in the effort. To buy it and erect it will cost $35,000. A committee headed by Mr. Carl Schurz is raising this money. All who claim German blood in America should share, they think, in the proposed gift.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE CRIPPLE CREEK WAR IN COLORADO.

THE deplorable events in the Cripple Creek mining district are considered, not only by the conservative element of Colorado, but by a majority of the laboring class itself, as seriously detrimental and injurious to the State. The conditions are by no means similar, either as to the present issue or problematical results, with those in the coal and coke regions of Pennsylvania and Illinois. There has been but one parallel to the Colorado strike, that of the Cœur d'Alene miners in Idaho. The mine-owners of the Cripple Creek district held a conference, and made a general adjustment of the scale of wages at $3 for a nine-hour day. This was objected to by the miners then at work, who demanded that amount for eight hours, and $3 25 for nine hours. The demand was refused, and early in the spring a majority of the mines was summarily closed.

The "miners' union," gave forth the fiat that none should be employed who were not members of the organization. Miners who were placed at work were assaulted and beaten, and although aid was invoked from the authorities of El Paso County, no force large enough to cope with the strikers could be secured by the Sheriff. Deputies were waylaid, and compelled to suffer many indignities. The few operators who had attempted to resume again, closed their shafts.

The recent scenes of riot and bloodshed ensued over a second and general attempt to place men in the mines who were not members of the union. The strikers, anticipating it, erected fortifications on the main hills in the district in order thoroughly to command it. In these fortifications hundreds of pounds of dynamite and powder were stored, while the strikers were well supplied with arms from sympathizers in adjacent States and Territories. Miners coming into the district seeking work were set upon, and relieved of whatever fire arms they had provided themselves with, and the store-houses of the camps were called upon to contribute ammunition and "charge it." Thus, when the operators again decided to open their gold properties, they were compelled to face 500 well-armed and determined men, having the advantage of a fortified possession of the mines. It had now become not a question of wage, but the rights of the owners to secure control of their mines.

Up to June 3d Governor Waite refused to call out the militia or to appeal to the Federal powers to quell the Cripple Creek riot. On that date over one thousand deputy sheriffs, disgusted with such government, assembled in the mountain town of Divide, prepared at any moment to move on the strikers at Cripple Creek and Bull Hill, fifteen miles away, and the stronghold of the miners' union. In this congregation of sheriffs were men representative in every walk of life, ready to sacrifice their lives for law and order. The move to Cripple Creek was made on the night of June 5th. The deputies were crowded into box-cars, with closed doors and no lights, to make the dangerous ride to Midland. The strikers had sworn that no deputy should reach Midland alive, and they were prepared to blow up with dynamite every passenger train that went through the cañons from Divide to Midland. The freight-car move, however, deceived them. Midland was reached at five o'clock the next morning. Haste meant everything, so without breakfast a tramp of eight miles in an altitude of 11,000 feet over the mountain roads was made, and Beaver Park reached at noon. Here the entire body of about eleven hundred deputies camped. The situation of Camp Boynton commanded a full view of the strikers' fortification on Bull Hill and the minor forts on the foot-hills. The next morning open hostilities began by the strikers opening fire on the mounted deputies. About two hundred shots were exchanged, but the planting and active use of the deputies' cannon dislodged the outpost fortifications of the striking miners. The Governor had been fully awakened by this time to the importance of the situation, and hurried forward his militia, not to aid the deputies, but to prevent them killing miners. Their arrival and orders alone prevented a battle.

The volunteers had stationed themselves within range, and were ready for active work, when General Brooks rode up and ordered them to camp, stating, if they refused and opened fire on the strikers, the militia would in turn, by the Governor's orders, fire on them. The militiamen stationed themselves where the two volunteer companies had been.

Warrants that he could not serve were left on the hands of the Sheriff, and the situation resolved itself into a State militia (presumably sent out as an aid to the Sheriff) watching that officer of the law and his assistants. But, to the credit of the militia, it strictly obeyed the orders of its commanding officer, the Governor. The Sheriff was powerless, and his duty could not be performed. Then came the recall of the Sheriff, and the situation from one of vital seriousness became a farce.

Nothing as to the restoration of the mining property to its rightful owners was touched upon by the Executive.

The mine-owners found themselves in the remarkable and unprecedented position of being without recourse to law, while their possessions were held by armed men. An appeal to the Federal courts for protection brought forth the decision by Justice Hallett, for the district of Colorado, that such a suit was not within the jurisdiction of the Federal courts. The county alone had power, and if this were inefficient, the Executive of the State must be called upon. "But," says the justice, "if the government of the State has fallen into the hands of socialists, as it certainly has, or of imbeciles, as is probably true, that is our misfortune; but we do not thereby acquire the right to assume control of affairs on the part of the Federal government."

The unsatisfactory settlement leaves Colorado in a very upset condition, and one of the greatest gold camps in America has received a wound which will take some time to heal.

GOOD NEWS FOR ASTHMATICS.

WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail to sufferers.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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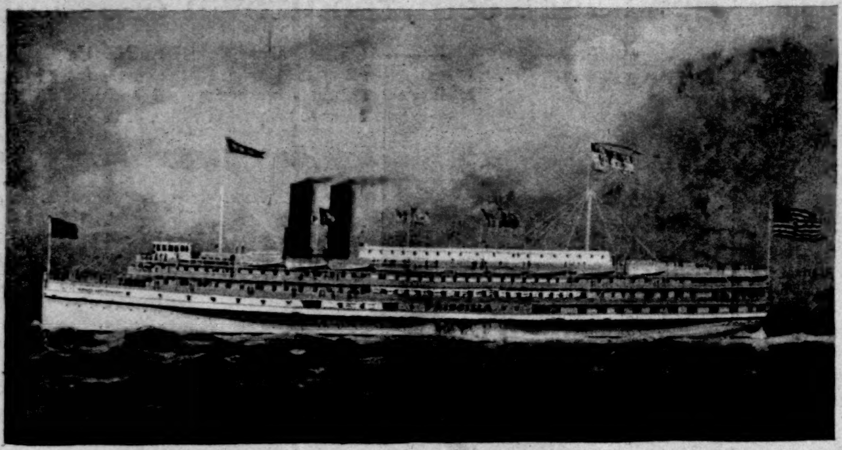

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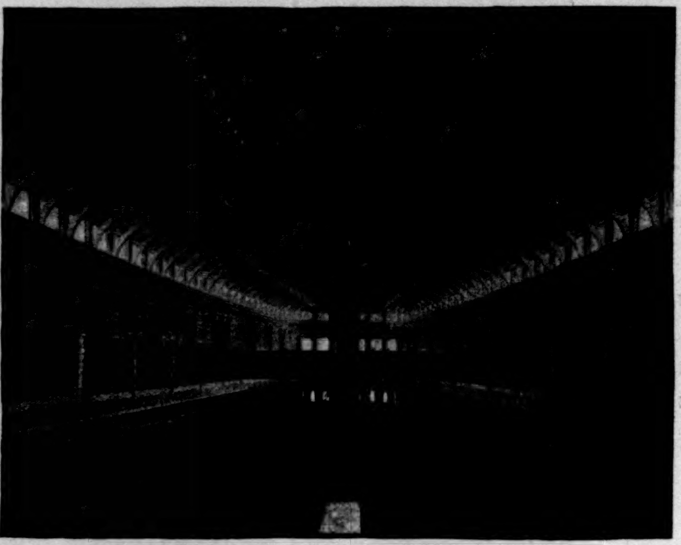

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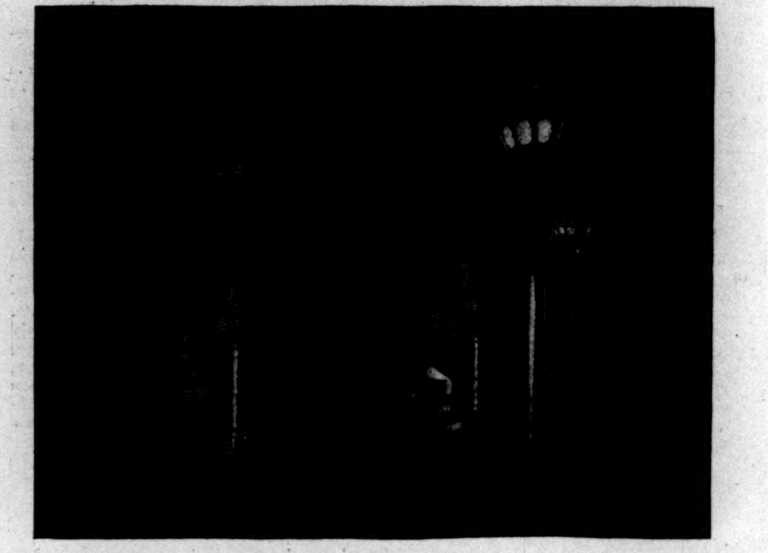


THE MAIN STAIRCASE.

THE NEW SOUND STEAMER "PRISCILLA."—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARDSON.

STEAMBOAT DEVELOPMENT.

THE steamboat building of the world began in this country in the year 1807, when Robert Fulton finished the *Clermont*, and made with her his famous trip up the Hudson River. Since that time development in steamboat building has been constant and comprehensive, and especially within the three decades last past of the present half-century. It is significant that nearly all this development, and certainly all its largest and finest results, have taken place in connection with steamboats for New York waters; and there has never been a time, from Fulton's day to the present, when the steamboat fleets of these waters have not "led the world" in the dimensions, attributes, and qualities of their vessels, and in the rapidity and comprehensiveness of their production.

The outcome of all this evolution and development is, perhaps, as well illustrated in the great passenger steamboats running upon Long Island Sound and the Hudson River as by any agencies or exponents; and it is certain that in no part of the world can be found to-day the equals in steamboat construction and belongings of the *Puritan*, *Pilgrim*, and other members of the fleet doing duty upon Long Island Sound.

The last addition to this fleet, and in many respects the most remarkable, is the steamboat *Priscilla*, recently completed and made ready to begin trips, which vessel is the subject of the picture accompanying this sketch.

It is claimed for this steamboat that she is one of the strongest and stanchest vessels of her class ever constructed. She is stately in model, graceful in lines, attractive in all external features and appearance, and eminently satisfactory in all internal arrangements and finish. That she can "sail like a witch," as old mariners put it, was abundantly evidenced upon her trial trip, when she proved that a speed of twenty knots an hour might be expected of her as an ordinary performance, while her capabilities considerably exceed this high register.

The *Priscilla* is constructed on the double-hull, longitudinal bracket-plate system, and is steel throughout. She has six water-tight bulkheads above the double bottom, and 60 water-tight compartments between the double hulls. The length of double bottom is 340 feet.

The dimensions of the boat are: Length of load water-line, 423 feet 6 inches; length over all, 440 feet 6 inches; breadth over guards, 93 feet; breadth of hull, 52 feet 6 inches; depth at lowest point of sheer, 20 feet 6 inches; draught of water, light, 12 feet 6 inches; distance from keel to topmast-head, 103 feet; distance from keel to top of house on dome, 65 feet; distance from keel to dome deck, 57 feet 6 inches; registered tonnage, 5398.

The machinery of the *Priscilla* consists of a double inclined compound surface-condensing engine of 8500 horse-power. There are two high-pressure cylinders, each 51 inches in diameter, and two low-pressure cylinders, each 95 inches in diameter, all having a stroke of piston of 11 feet.

There are ten return tubular boilers, of the Scotch type, each of a maximum steam pressure of 150 pounds. Each boiler has three corrugated furnaces, of a total grate surface of 850 square feet. Each boiler is 14 feet diameter by 14½ feet in length, and is fitted for both natural and forced draught under grates. The paddle-wheels are of the feathering type, 35 feet in diameter and 14 feet face. There are five decks, with 361 state-rooms for passengers and 35 for officers—in all, 396 rooms. In the cabins are 219 berths.

The general scheme of the finish and decoration of the saloons and cabins is in the Italian Renaissance, the dining-saloon, however, being in full Indian style. An innovation in the construction of this is that the dining-saloon is found upon the main-deck, with windows upon both sides, affording broad outlooks over the Sound or its shores while the boat is *en route*.

The quarter-deck, dining-saloon, and grand saloon are fine features of this steamboat, their finish and decoration rich in grand and beautiful effects, and their furnishing most sumptuous. The element of spaciousness enters largely into the make-up of all these sections—indeed, this forms a special characteristic of every department of this marine wonder.

THE REGENTS' EXAMINATIONS IN NEW YORK STATE.

THE unique character of the University of the State of New York, of which the Regents and their subordinates are the only outward and visible sign, has prevented proper appreciation of its significance and work on the part of the people at large. As Secretary Dewey once said, in a public address, "it is a State university without a student, without a professor, without a campus, without alumni." Yet by its general supervision of the higher education of the State, and more specially by the work of its several departments—executive, examination, State library, State museum, and university extension—it is constantly carrying on an educational propaganda that for effectiveness has no equal in this country, if in the world.

The work of the Examinations Department of the University, or the Regents' Examinations, as they are popularly called, is widely known, although not always so widely understood. These examinations were suggested as long ago as 1828, but not until 1864 was a beginning made. The number of subjects in which examinations are held has increased rapidly, and is now sixty-eight. In 1889 a special examinations department was organized, and the whole work put upon the businesslike basis that characterizes it at present. In twenty-two years these examinations have increased 701 per cent., and are still growing rapidly.

Regents' examinations are of various kinds. The oldest and the most extensive are the academic examinations. These are held in November, January, March, and June of each year, and directly interest the 400 or more academies of the State. In 1893 over 502,000 answer papers were written by students in these examinations. Of this number the schools giving the instruction claimed that 185,677, or 61 per cent., were satisfactory; but the more searching revision by the Regents' staff rejected 20,000 of these. Each student passing an examination receives an appropriate credential or certificate from the Regents. These credentials are arranged with great care, and the attempt has been made to make them stand for the completion of an integral part, or the whole, of a systematic and well-rounded secondary education. The "classical diploma" of the Regents, for example, will admit the holder, without further examination, to the classical course of most American colleges. Each credential issued is a certification of the subjects the holder has taken, how much of each has been studied, and how well (so far as formal examinations can determine) he has done his work.

These academic credentials issued by the Regents interest not only the individual students, but the schools in which they have been taught. For, from the $106,000 at their disposal every year, the Regents distribute to the academies under their inspection a grant based upon the number of students who have during the last academic year completed the examinations. Schools are allowed $5 for each junior certificate or higher academic credential issued, with $5 extra for the first diploma, and a second $5 extra for the first classical diploma issued to each student. Thus the rule gives a premium for the systematic courses that lead to diplomas instead of certificates. So well have these examinations been conducted of late years, and so carefully are the requirements for the several credentials determined, that their value is recognized and the Regents' credentials are accepted in many States of the Union.

New York, following the admirable example of European countries, protects the entrance to the professions of law and medicine by insisting upon a minimum of academic attainment before future lawyers and physicians may enter upon the practice of their professions. The examinations to test these attainments are conducted by the Regents, and are known as the Preliminary Law and Medical Student examinations, respectively. Intending lawyers are required to pass examinations upon English composition, first year Latin, arithmetic, geometry, English and United States history, and civics, or their substantial equivalents. Intending physicians are examined upon arithmetic, geography, grammar, spelling, English composition, United States history, and physics. College graduates and students holding Regents' diplomas are of course not required to take these preliminary examinations.

The new University Law of New York provides that no institution shall hereafter be given degree-conferring powers by the Regents unless its resources amount to $500,000. Therefore, when a college or professional school is chartered whose resources are not equal to the required minimum, the final examinations are to be held and the degrees conferred by the Regents. This is already done in the case of two private-venture law schools in New York city; the Regents hold the examinations for the degree of LL.B., and themselves confer the degree. This, of course, necessitates still another set of examinations.

Since 1891, again, no person who was not already a legally authorized practitioner of medicine and surgery in New York State can be licensed to practise except by the Regents after he has met the preliminary and professional educational requirements, and has passed Regents' examinations in anatomy, physiology and hygiene, chemistry, surgery, obstetrics, pathology and diagnosis, and therapeutics, including practice and *materia medica*. To enforce this requirement the Regents hold what are called Medical License examinations.

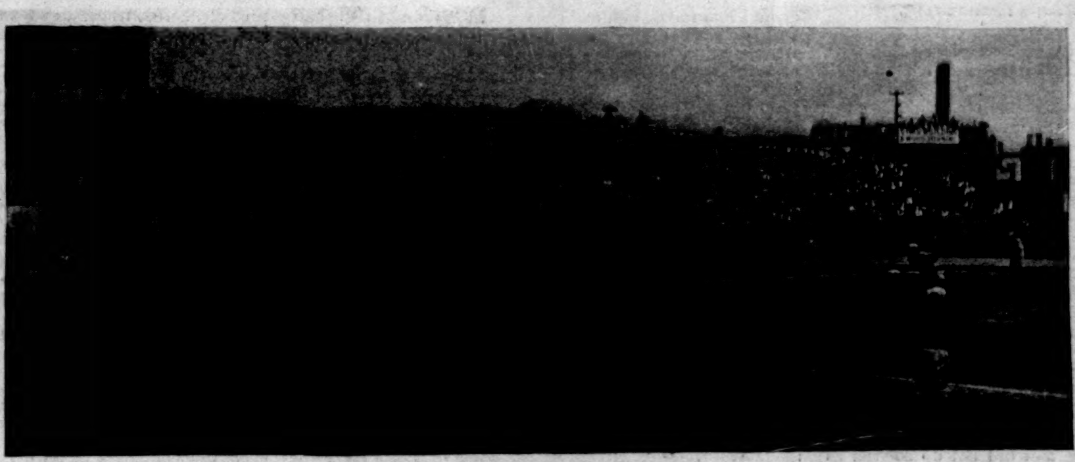
Regents' examinations are also held in library science and in connection with university extension courses. Therefore, at the present time, Regents' examinations are of six classes or kinds: (1) academic; (2) preliminary law and medical; (3) medical license; (4) LL.B. degree; (5) university extension; (6) library science. There seems to be no reason why this well-equipped and experienced staff should not be called upon to conduct all civil service examinations also.

AMATEUR · SPORT

The lawn-tennis season of '94, unless all signs fail, promises to put several new names in the "first ten" rank that heretofore have been regarded as fairly good only. The veteran players are dropping out of active competition, to be sure, and leaving vacancies; but that does not entirely explain the advancement of the others. There has always been a considerable number of men too good for the second and not good enough for the first class, and naturally these have been getting nearer the form of the first ten. Last year witnessed one of them, R. D. Wrenn, bound into first honors at one great stride.

The spring season did not open very auspiciously, the Tropical and Southern championship meetings proving of little importance, as no players of prominence came together in either, both being held too early in the year to attract good entry lists. Although the New England championship at New Haven fared little better in the matter of entry, it supplied, together with the invitation tournament at Summit, New Jersey, the only good sport on the courts so far this season. The New England championship furnished the first, but, if present indications count for anything, not the last, upset of the year. Clarence Hobart, holder of the New England championship trophy, made a very weak defence of the cup when challenged by A. E. Foote, of Yale, and was beaten after a close match of five sets. Foote plays a steady and persistent game, composed largely of ground strokes, and deserves considerable credit for his victory. Last season he played several brilliant matches, and his showing for the season was good enough for many critics to rank him in the first ten players of the country at the end of the year. Hobart, however, was distinctly off his usual form, and is always most liable to defeat from players of Foote's class.

STEALING SECOND BASE.



YALE *VS.* PRINCETON—CARTER IN THE BOX; KING AT BAT.

The rise of two young New York players, W. Gordon Parker and Edwin P. Fischer, began in the New England tournament. Fischer was beaten by John Howland, the Yale crack, only after a close struggle in the first set, while Parker defeated Howland the next day in the semi-finals. As Howland was also ranked last year among the first ten by many authorities, this victory is not one to be passed over with indifference. Parker was certainly handicapped at New Haven by being required to play the final match of the tournament against Foote within a few hours after beating his clubmate, Howland, in the semi-finals. The New-Yorker, however, attained one of his most brilliant streaks in this final match, and won the first two sets from Foote very easily, but the Yale man was still fresh, while his opponent, well tired out before the match began, could not alter the result which had been expected. Foote gradually wore his man down, and won the next three sets and the match. It should be said, however, that Parker, had he the chance, would probably not have beaten Hobart as Foote did, for his style of play is not nearly so hard for Hobart to play against as is that of the Yale champion.

SAFE AT FIRST BASE.

J. A. HARTWELL, '91.
One of Yale's most skilled rowing coaches.

The unexpected strength shown by Parker and Fischer at New Haven, after their success at Washington for the Southern championship only a few weeks before, continued at Summit. Parker kept up his brilliant play, and but for another defeat by Foote, would have won first prize in the tournament over no less than four first-class players. As it was, he finished a close second to Malcolm Chace. Parker beat Chace in their first match, and then won from each of the other contestants in turn—W. A. Larned, R. D. Stevens, A. E. Foote, and E. P. Fischer—until he met his old Yale rival, who, by-the-way, beat him at Orange last year, when he felt quite confident of victory. At Summit he won the fifth set from the New-Yorker, 7–5, after a long and stubbornly contested match. As Chace defeated all of the others except Parker, and with better scores than the latter, a tie resulted for first prize, which the former won in three straight sets, 6–4, 6–4, 6–3.

Chace's defeat by Parker occurred on the first day of the tournament, and though then not in his best form, he managed to play a pretty close match, the score being 9–7, 6–4, 5–7, 10–8, in Parker's favor. Larned was clearly out of form throughout the event, and was beaten by both Parker and Chace, while Stevens only managed to win from Foote, though that proved an easy victory for him. Fischer performed very brilliantly for so untried a player, and won from Foote and Stevens, beating the latter three straight and Foote three to one, and losing to Parker after five close sets and to Chace in a four-set match. More will be heard from these two young New-Yorkers before the year is over, though I hardly expect their success to be so great later in the season, when the veterans have reached their best form. Parker and Fischer have been practising hard since early in April, and thus had an advantage over most of their older and more experienced rivals. They are playing strong tennis, however, and I shall not be surprised to see either or both in the first ten at the end of the year, always providing they go on as they have begun.

The annual women's championship in singles and doubles at Wissahickon furnished little of interest aside from the championship round, which, however, atoned in part for the other tame contests. The play in the earlier rounds of all three events—singles, doubles, and mixed doubles—was rather featureless. There were only two entries in the singles and doubles foreign to Philadelphia, and they carried off all the honors. With the exception of Mrs. Toulmin—who, as Miss Bertha Townsend, won the championship in 1888 and 1889—none of the Philadelphia players was up to championship form. In the semi-final round Mrs. Toulmin played some very excellent tennis, winning a match by 4–6, 6–5, 6–4, from Miss Atkinson of Brooklyn, after the latter had the score at 6–4, 5–3, and 40–15. In the final round of the tournament, however, she could make but little headway against Miss Hellwig's clever play, and was beaten in three straight sets.

Miss Hellwig won first in the singles, and with Miss Atkinson, also of the Kings County Tennis Club, the championship in doubles—Miss Atkinson, partnered by E. P. Fischer, winning the championship at mixed doubles as well. The matches, however, were nearly all one-sided, and the winners did not lose a set in either of the double events.

YALE, 9; PRINCETON, 5.—CARRYING THE VICTORS OFF THE FIELD.

The only redeeming feature of the otherwise dull tournament was the championship match on Saturday afternoon between Miss Hellwig, the challenger, and Miss Terry, who won the cup last year by default from Miss Cahill, and came to Philadelphia this year fully prepared to beat her challenger three straight sets, at least, according to the belief of the majority. She had reckoned without her host, however, for Miss Hellwig managed to keep up with her fast play, and finally won the championship, after one of the hardest matches in this country between women. The play reminded one of the famous match between Miss Cahill and Miss Moore on the same court two seasons ago, with the difference of the challenger instead of the defender winning in the fifth set. While the greatest credit is due the plucky challenger for her victory, it must be said that Miss Terry beat herself, as the detailed summary of strokes clearly shows, and as was very apparent to the spectators that appreciated the fine points of the play.

She played to win or lose on almost every stroke, and in the record of clean aces, *i.e.*, "times passed by opponent," far surpassed Miss Hellwig; while, on the other hand, in her attempts to win without long rests she drove many more balls into the net and out of court. Score: Miss Helen R. Hellwig, Kings County Tennis Club, challenger, beat Miss Aline M. Terry, Staten Island Ladies' Club, holder, 7–5, 3–6, 6–0, 3–6, 6–3; three sets to two; 25 games to 20; 164 strokes to 151.

ALFRED COWLES, '86.
One of Yale's most skilled rowing coaches.

Miss Hellwig played a safe game throughout, while her opponent hit the ball with much more evident confidence, though with less success. She apparently believed the champion would beat herself if given the opportunity, and few women in this country have ever played a more skilfully defensive game than did the Brooklynite in the latter part of the match. Miss Terry hit the ball with the same kind of a sweeping, free-armed stroke that Miss Cahill always used, though showing a stronger wrist and a little more speed. She had not nearly so much accuracy as had the ex-cham-

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pion in her ground strokes, and her "length" was very poor throughout the match, as shown by the number of balls driven out of court. Miss Terry repeatedly took long chances, one of the most notable features of the match being her volleying, which was like that of a man, with her racket high over her shoulder and not at her side. In this respect she far outclassed her opponent, and though frequently running in and volleying cleverly, she lost many points by volleying wildly. Miss Hellwig saw her advantage, too, and at such times lobbed over her opponent's head with great success. Her judgment was much the better, and she covered her court cleverly.

ANALYSIS OF STROKES LOST.

How Lost.	Set 1.		Set 2.		Set 3.		Set 4.		Set 5.		Totals.	
	H.	T.	H.	T.	H.	T.	H.	T.	H.	T.	H.	T.
Returned into net	17	19	12	11	8	19	10	14	7	16	54	79
Returned out of court	5	18	11	14	8	14	10	8	6	12	40	66
Passed by opponent	11	3	14	3	7	3	13	3	12	4	54	16
Double faults	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	3	3
Total strokes lost	34	41	35	28	24	37	33	26	25	32	151	164

ANALYSIS OF SERVING.

	H.	T.
Single faults	38	47
Double faults	3	3
Passed by first return	15	2
Aces on service	0	0
Services returned into net	29	16
Services returned out of court	20	13

Miss Hellwig served 168 times, and Miss Terry 147.

OF THE TEN 1893 LEADERS who have played this year, F. H. Hovey seems to have begun the season in the best form. His play at Longwood last week, where he was an easy winner of the Massachusetts State championship, was considerably above the average form displayed by the cracks in their first tournaments, and better, too, than that which Hovey himself showed at times much later in the season last year. The entries did not include any players of more than good average skill, the best of them being J. B. Read, L. E. Ware, R. G. Thomas, A. F. Fuller, G. F. Brown, Jun., G. S. Keyes, and G. L. Wrenn, the last a brother of the present champion, and an improving player. The greatest interest of the tournament, of course, centred in the meeting of Fuller and Hovey in the final round, though the latter's victory (6–4, 6–4, 6–0) was a foregone conclusion, but the best sport was furnished by the preliminary and first rounds, in which the lesser lights contended on even terms, and showed a slight improvement in form over the corresponding class of last year.

Hovey's game against Fuller was characteristic—brilliant and mediocre by turns—many a good lead being lost by careless drives into the net or vigorous smashes out of court. Fuller seemed afraid of Hovey, and did not do so well as earlier in the tournament.

The Pennsylvania State championship of last week furnished a most striking illustration of the need for sectional encouragement if lawn-tennis tournaments are to prove interesting and the game popular. The crying fault to-day is the too strictly local character that obtains at every sectional tournament, and a vigorous State association is necessary to stir up the tennis sluggish pulses.

THE MOST IMPORTANT TOURNAMENT of the season thus far is that now on at West Newton, Massachusetts, under the auspices of the Neighborhood Club, and upon which, owing to this department going early to press, comment is reserved for a later issue. It affords the first opportunity of the year of Hovey, Hobart, Chace, and Wrenn meeting, though the appearance of the last is not assured. The other tournament of the week, the Middle States championship, will be held at Orange, and Richard Stevens, who has won the cup twice, appears to have an excellent chance of securing it for his personal property. Following these are the Tuxedo and Seabright tournaments, in the former of which Hobart, Chace, possibly the two Halls, and Larned will play. Seabright is another cup which Stevens has won twice, Larned securing it last year, and these two will probably represent the ranking ten of last year. One of the best meetings of the year, however, promises to be held on the Jersey coast, at Norwood Park, an invitation tournament, in which every entry plays every other, on the old Nahant plan, and where Wrenn, Chace, Larned, V. G. Hall, Stevens, and possibly E. L. Hall will be seen. No tournament seems likely to bring all the cracks together before the Newport national championship, and even here we are certain not to see O. S. Campbell, and possibly not W. P. Knapp. It is really too bad our tennis men retire from the game so young, which is one of the chief reasons why the English average is so much higher than ours. There are about a dozen players—Huntington, P. S. and R. D. Sears, Taylor, Beeckman, Slocum, Knapp, Campbell, and others—three of them ex-champions, and all first class in their day, still in the full vigor of young manhood, and yet no one of them will be seen in tournaments this year.

WRENN WILL NOT PLAY in any tournaments during July, with the possible exception of Longwood on the 23d, and then at Norwood Park, followed by Newport and Narragansett, where the Eastern championship doubles and the East *vs.* West in doubles will be decided.

Hovey's present plan is to play in the Neighborhood Club tournament and defend his Longwood and national doubles challenge cups. He has not yet decided on playing at Essex (Mass.) July 16th, or even at Newport, but it is pretty safe to say he will be seen battling for the All Comers, which he has quite as good a chance of winning as ever he had. Malcolm Chace intends getting the tournament experience he lacked last year, and will play at West Newton, June 25th; Tuxedo, July 2d; Essex, July 16th; Southampton, July 30th; Norwood Park, August 6th; Narragansett Pier, August 13th; Newport, August 21st; and perhaps Saratoga (New York State championship), July 16th.

R. D. Stevens will also enter most of the best tournaments, defending his Middle States championship June 30th, and playing at Seabright, July 9th, Norwood Park, Longwood, Narragansett, and Newport. Aside from the invitation tournament at West Newton, Clarence Hobart will defend only his cups at Tuxedo and Saratoga, and enter the double championship and All Comers at Newport. It is to be regretted that his time will permit of no further play; we should like to see him and Hovey and Wrenn at their best just one year, before any of them retire. Where the Halls will play they themselves have not yet determined. V. G. is very busy, and has as yet only decided upon Norwood Park; E. L. has just returned from the other side, and is probably not in tournament condition. He is another we should like to see at top form, and in the last rounds at Newport; last year was an "off" one for him.

THE FIRST HARVARD-YALE game of their baseball series, on the 21st, resulted in an easy victory for Yale, 5–1, after a very uninteresting two hours. Harvard's game was wretched, seven costly errors accounting for three of Yale's runs. Highlands pitched fairly well, though his work compared with Carter's was feeble, for the two are not at all in the same class, but the latter was wild, and gave five men first on balls, though striking out ten to Highlands's three. Wiggin played by far the best game of his side; Whittemore, Scannel, and Dickinson also did well, but Winslow and Cook piled up errors as often as they had the chance. Yale won by faultless fielding (Murphy's error being the only one), heavy batting, and battery work.

This Cambridge game was Harvard's chance for making a third one necessary, but it is altogether probable now that the one on the 26th will decide the series in Yale's favor.

The Yale nine is in the best shape it has been this season, and playing a strong game. Carter and Greenway work smoothly together, and it is not likely Harvard will hit Carter to any extent.

The Yale in-field has become steadier by reason of its experience against Princeton, and in this respect enjoy an advantage, while its out-field is very strong, especially in Rustin and Speer. Captain Case has not made the record at short he did in the out-field, Keator seems unable to keep his feet, and both Quimby and Redington have been tried at centre, all of whom are about on a par, though Redington has made the best use of his chances. The question will be settled, however, if Bigelow is able to play, for he will increase Yale's batting strength. It seems as if Yale had the advantage in every respect, and Harvard must improve greatly on recent work to take one game. They surprised Princeton at Cambridge largely on account of Princeton's over-confidence, but Yale teams do not throw away chances of victory as do the orange and black. As a matter of fact, Yale teams seem to be the only ones that can be depended on always to perform their best to the very end.

THE HARVARD-YALE BOAT-RACE next Thursday, June 28th, will be a struggle between a finished heavy crew with plenty of strength and one averaging ten pounds lighter, with greater activity but less form and strength. Present indications point to its being one of the most instructive of all the eight-oared contests between the two universities, and it looks as if whichever wins will do so more or less easily, if one may speak of a hard four-mile pull as being easy under any circumstances. Unless the two crews prove to be exceptional, evidence of which has not developed up to date, or if past experience may be said to have any bearing on the coming event, it hardly seems likely the finish will be a close one. Either the race of '91 or '93 will be repeated. In the former Harvard took the lead from the start with a 40-to-the-minute stroke, dropping to 38 at the half, and never getting below 36 at any time during the four miles. They were ahead five lengths at the mile-and-a-half flag, and Yale's heavy crew (average, 170 lbs.), starting with 38 strokes and dropping to 36, went to pieces before the two miles had been covered, and were not in the race thereafter. In '93 Harvard again started with a 40-to-the-minute stroke, and never fell below 36. Yale began with 36, and went as low as 34. Harvard took the lead and held it to the mile flag, but stroke Gallaudet was not letting them get so far away as did Gould in '91, and without raising the number of strokes, but grinding them in, Yale rowed Harvard down in the third half-mile, more than held them in the fourth half with 3 strokes to the minute less, and after that went away as they liked. Average weight: Yale, 166 lbs.; Harvard, 169.

Both universities are certain to pursue the same tactics this year as in the two just cited. Harvard will start off at 40 to the minute, and not get below 38 before the two-mile flag is reached. Yale will begin at 38, and may hold it, but more likely will drop to 36, relying on their power and leg work to counterbalance Harvard's quicker stroke.

IF FORM AND POWER count for anything, Yale ought to win on Thursday, with lengths to spare. If the crew in practice is not as well finished as any Yale has turned out in recent years, then only such a masterly coach as Mr. Cook can detect wherein it is wanting, and certainly it would be hypercritical to attempt to seek flaws in an eight that moves so evenly as a whole. On the weight of the men much has been written, but nothing short of a four-mile race can determine whether it is the handicap so many have predicted. It is true Yale's fastest crews have averaged several pounds lighter than the one of this year, and that defeat has come to the heaviest, but the former in notable instances have been composed of exceptional men, while the beaten heavy-weight eights have gone to pieces. It remains yet to be proved whether a heavy, strong crew, maintaining its form to the end, is bettered or handicapped by its weight in a four-mile race. This is one of the uncertainties that is going to make the race this year particularly interesting.

There is a great deal of confidence among Yale men, and with good reason, for their crew is a beautifully finished one, with as clean blade-work as was ever seen on the Thames, and a "catch" and a drive with the legs that put a lot of power into the stroke. If Gallaudet and Ives of last year's boat were at stroke and 7, I should share the confidence of the most self-satisfied Yale coach; as it is, while the eight certainly seem to have the race in hand, nevertheless it strikes me as one of those crews which you expect and which ought to row a winning race in fair time, and yet would not surprise you greatly by going to pieces in a hard losing drive. Whether it is a departure in the stroke which gives less body swing this year than Yale has ever shown, or whether the trouble is in the stern of the shell, there appears to be a certain nervous hurry to the stroke, despite its smoothness, that has not been noticeable in previous Yale crews. I am inclined to believe that Johnson (stroke) has a tendency to hurry through his work, not giving the heavy men behind him time to row out their stroke—a tendency that if developed in Thursday's race is certain to make the men row short, and quite likely to break them up. Heavy men like Dater and Cross, at 5 and 6, must have careful steady stroking if the full advantage of their great strength is to be gained.

HARVARD'S ONE CHANCE OF WINNING seems to hinge on Yale's ability to keep together under a high stroke. With a light wiry crew the crimson's policy will be to start out at a 40-to-the-minute stroke, and strive for a long lead at the two-mile flag. If they succeed in getting several lengths of clear water to the good at half distance, and retain strength enough to respond to Yale's spurts, the race will undoubtedly be theirs. But it hardly seems as if they could get such a lead unless the Yale crew become demoralized by a stern chase. Yale ought not to go to pieces under a speedy first two miles, for the Freshmen last year, averaging 171 lbs, rowed two miles in 10.23, and there are several of that crew in the Yale 'varsity. Still Harvard will pull a fast two miles, and their work has shown them to have endurance. Kales is not what one could ordinarily call a good stroke, his chief qualification being ability to "hit it up." There is a chance of his overdoing it Thursday, and making his crew row short, which would settle Harvard's hopes of winning. At its best the blade-work of Harvard is not nearly so good as Yale's, and it will fare badly with the crimson if it grows less effective. Both boats travel smoothly, Harvard at times, Yale invariably, but in leg and blade work the latter is superior, and it seems as if this should, as it did last year, more than balance Harvard's quicker stroke.

Neither crew has made very fast time. Yale has covered a half in 2.32, a mile and a half in 8.30 (which reads pretty slow when we recall the 2.18 half and 4.30 mile of the '92 crew), and the four miles in 21.10. Harvard has done a

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mile in 5.29, and two miles in 11.10 under conditions that were not fast, and four miles in 22.40. Yale's speed has improved greatly in the last week, but none the less, the boat does not get on the pace that one would expect from the smooth rowing of the eight and their power. Harvard likewise has improved vastly since going to New London, and under the coaching of Harry Keyes, who went down last Saturday, they may acquire some of the finish of which they are so much in need. There is a possibility of Nelson Perkins, who has had almost the entire burden of coaching on his shoulders, taking Townsend's (who is indisposed) place at 4, which would be decidedly to the boat's advantage. On form the chances are certainly two to one in favor of Yale, but form won't win the race unless Johnson can keep his men together at a high stroke through the first two miles. We are all going to be a good bit wiser after that race than we are now.

THE CORNELL-PENNSYLVANIA EIGHT-OARED 'varsity four-mile race on the Delaware River, June 16th, won by the former by four lengths in 21 min. 12½ sec., was one of the best aquatic struggles the two universities have had. A study of the crews and results are particularly interesting from the fact that each 'varsity represents a different system of training and dissimilar strokes, and each has advantages not enjoyed by the other. Pennsylvania was coached by George Woodruff, Yale, '89, a pupil of the Cook rowing school, and one of the best oars ever graduated from New Haven. He sat in four winning boats, and captained the crew in his Senior year. Cornell was of course coached by Courtney, the professional sculler, who is responsible for the stroke rowed by the Ithaca crews, and who has turned out the fastest Freshman eights in recent years that have ever sat in an American college shell. Cornell undoubtedly has better facilities for recruiting oarsmen than Pennsylvania, a majority of the 'varsity having the advantage of previous experience on class crews. Pennsylvania, however, can frequently draw more mature material from her professional schools, and gets on to the water several weeks earlier every year than Cornell. This year's Cornell crew was a fair sample of the Courtney type—clean built, well muscled, a little irregular in body-work, but with a quick recover, and excellent blade-work. The stroke seemed a little more deliberate than last year, and was pulled through in powerful form. Average weight, 159½ pounds.

Pennsylvania's crew showed more weight and strength than last year, but were rather loggy—too slow on the catch, with fair blade-work. Rowing 28 to 32 strokes to the minute, their work was very good, but became somewhat ragged when the stroke was run up. Average weight, 165 pounds.

THE RACE WAS NEVER IN DOUBT from the first quarter-mile. Pennsylvania caught the water first, and had the better of the start, but was shortly caught by Cornell, who continued to gain slowly, until after passing the three-mile flag they were leading by about five lengths. A spurt of Pennsylvania gained a length, but could not shorten the gap further, and Cornell crossed the finish-line rowing well together and 40 strokes to the minute. Cornell started with 37 strokes, and maintained it until the last half-mile, when they raised to 40. Pennsylvania pulled 36 to the three-mile flag, when they increased it to 38. The race was to have been rowed the day before, but was postponed on account of Cornell's objection to the rough water. As it was, the water on Saturday was not much better, being only fair for half the distance, and rather bad the balance, besides a head wind and vexatious and unsportsmanlike steam-launch owners. It was by no means record-breaking water, and the time, therefore, of both crews was very good, Pennsylvania's being 21.34¼. It was the fifth race the two universities have rowed, and Cornell has won them all. Cornell's crew was an improvement on that of last year, and rowed in rare good form from first to last. They had dash and finish and sufficient strength. Pennsylvania had plenty of strength and weight, but the men were awkward and slow, lacking both dash and finish. It is only fair to add, however, that Mr. Woodruff was considerably handicapped in his coaching by the delay in getting a launch with which to follow the crew at the most important time of their training.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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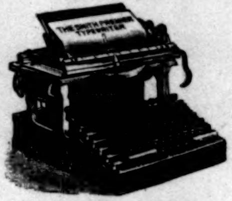

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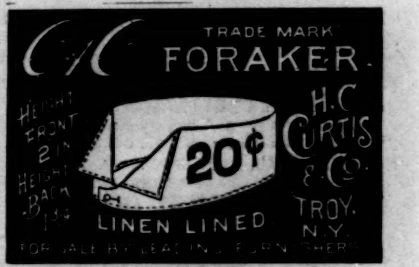

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